

ONCE A WEEK

••AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER••

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HON. STEPHEN BENTON ELKINS, SECRETARY OF WAR.



521-547 West Thirteenth Street,
512-524 West Fourteenth Street,
NEW YORK CITY.

THE WEEK.

- Jan. 12—Florida secedes—1861.
" 14—Barnside en route to Roanoke—1862.
" 14—Partisan drafts of men ordered by Lincoln—1863.
" 14—British Museum opened—1759.
" 15—Battle of Coruña—1809.
" 15—The Duc d'Angoulême born—1822.
" 18—German Empire proclaimed—1871.

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TO CONTRIBUTORS.

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NUGENT ROBINSON, Editor.

NOTICE.

To Artists, Photographers, and Writers.

ONCE A WEEK is open to receive drawings, photos, and newsy articles from all parts of the Continent. Any drawing, photograph, or article accepted shall be liberally paid for. Postage stamps should be sent to cover re-mailing of unsuitable matter.

GREETING.

IN heartily thanking the public for its generous and unswerving support during the year just added to the bead-roll of the past, the publisher would earnestly call attention to the unparalleled attractions he now offers at this, the opening of the year 1892. During the past year, the subscribers to ONCE A WEEK received, in addition to fifty-two copies of the best illustrated weekly in the world, twenty-four of the newest and best novels, among which may be mentioned: "The Light that Failed," by Rudyard Kipling; "The Purchase of the North Pole," by Jules Verne; "Acte," by Hugh Westbury; "The American Girl in London," by Sara Jeannette Duncan; "Eric Brighteyes," by H. Rider Haggard; "A Little Irish Girl," by The Duchess; "My Danish Sweetheart," by Clark Russell; "Donald Ross of Heimra," by William Black; "Stephen Ellicott's Daughter," by Mrs. J. H. Needell, pronounced by the London press the novel of the year; "The Court of the Tuileries," specially translated for ONCE A WEEK, with two volumes of Tennyson's poems.

In addition, each subscriber received his choice of the following superb sets of books: George Eliot's Works, complete; Washington Irving's Works, William Carleton's Works, "The Life and Times of the Great Napoleon."

That the great and intelligent American public, realizing the enormous advantages of this offer, eagerly subscribed, it is scarcely necessary to say; and that they were satisfied with the result, is shown by a subscription list now climbing up to the quarter million.

With a view to raising the subscription list to at least one million, the publisher has made arrangements—his new mammoth and improved HOB machinery enabling him to do so—to give subscribers, without increasing the subscription, a book a week, or fifty-two books a year.

Such an offer has never been made, and no other publisher could afford to make it. It is unique in the history of journalism, and the grandest step towards popular education ever yet attempted.

If one contemplates for one moment what this offer means, its true value will shine out in letters of light. A book a week: that is, a good book—a book by a great writer—coming into a household means education, minus the drudgery of study—a right royal road to learning—the acquisition of all that is brightest and best in literature. It means knowledge, which is power; refinement, which is fascination, and culture, which is imperial. Let us look into this glittering offer and test its true inwardness. In the first week of the New Year ONCE A WEEK is delivered, together with Part I. of "A History of the United States in Our Own Time," a book specially written for the subscribers of the paper. In the second week, the paper and a new and carefully selected novel—selected for its high literary and moral tone as well as its human interest. In the third week, the paper, accompanied by a standard work of the English classics, such as "Utopia," by Sir THOMAS MORE, "The Sublime and Beautiful," by EDMUND BURKE, etc., etc.; and the fourth week, a novel or book of travel, biography or poetry—and thus this great army of literature marches onward into the homes of the people, week after week. Here is, indeed, an offer that it were criminal to reject—an offer that the head of any home should accept—aye, and make sacrifices to enable him to do so for the sake of his family as for his own.

A fresh book coming every week into the household marks a red-letter day. The very fact of receiving it and reading its title-page, insensibly lays the foundation of a desire to peruse it; and ere many weeks roll over the book-day comes to be regarded as the brightest of the week. The selection made by the publisher of ONCE A WEEK is so varied that the individual taste of each member of the household is directly catered to. The student will yearn for the history or the standard work; the romantic-minded for the novel or the book of poems, while all will enjoy the newsy and fascinating matter in the illustrated paper. The same magnificent premiums are now offered with the addition of a Dictionary of the English language, specially edited up to date.

The publisher opens the New Year with this unprecedented offer, and feels confident that the response will be of such a nature as to embolden him to do even better a year from now.

MORTGAGES ON AMERICAN HOMES.

THE enumeration which is made every ten years of the inhabitants of the United States and their resources is the most extensive statistical undertaking in the world. European Governments, as a rule, confine their efforts strictly to a census of population. But the work of the United States Government, in the field of statistics, has never been subjected to such limits. The curiosity of the American people in regard to their own country is apparently insatiable. We want to know not only the extent of our vast population and its distribution, but all about its varied occupations and the progress of its industrial development. From the outset, the United States census has taken a wide range and included a great variety of subjects of investigation. The complete publications of the Census Bureau at Washington, covering the results of the census of 1880, embraced upwards of one hundred volumes, and can scarcely be said to have been completed when the country entered upon another reckoning up of its numbers.

The census of 1890 promises to be even more voluminous in its results. The character of the inquiries have been extended far beyond anything heretofore undertaken, either here or in Europe. Whatever statistical curiosity could suggest has apparently been covered. It is safe to say that the mass of information that has been and is still being gathered and published in regard to the wealth, the occupations, the agriculture, the manufactures and the wages of the American people will constitute an appalling amount of figures. Criticism has, indeed, properly been expended upon the excessive scope of the census of 1890, no less than on the alleged imperfect manner in which certain portions of the work have been performed.

It is now possible to form some definite conclusions in regard to one of the most striking novelties introduced in the new census. An inquiry as to the extent of mortgage indebtedness on the homes of the American people was regarded with no little disfavor. The interrogations on that subject were by many characterized as intrusive and inquisitorial. In fact, it may be claimed that popular disfavor has interfered with the accuracy of the statistics which the Census Bureau has collected on the subject. The figures summarizing the

results have, however, been recently put out, and though qualified as incomplete, are well worthy of attention.

According to this showing, the sixty-two million inhabitants of the United States comprise approximately no less than twelve million five hundred thousand families, occupying farms or homes. Of the number, about two million five hundred thousand occupy farms or homes of which they are the owners, but which are encumbered by mortgage indebtedness.

The remaining 10,250,000 families occupy premises which are either owned free or are rented. It is to be noted that the returns, so far as published, make no distinction between the two latter classes. It would certainly be interesting to know what proportion of our country's population occupy homes of their own, whether mortgaged or free, and what proportion rent their homes. In the State of Iowa, which is taken as a representative community, the average amount of the mortgages is stated to be \$1,280 on a farm and \$720 on each encumbered home, or an average for both of \$1,140. If these averages hold good for the entire country, the total encumbrances on the farms and homes of the United States are not far from two and a half billion dollars. These figures are, it is admitted, incomplete, and cannot be accepted as conclusive. It is probable that when the full returns are at hand they will have to be seriously amended. But, however interesting they may be, it does not seem probable that the inquiry into the mortgages on American homes will become a permanent feature of the United States census.

THE NEW POLITICAL PARTY.

WE are out of politics. Those who are out of politics are usually engaged in forming new political parties; and those who form new political parties are sure to stay out of politics. Therefore, while we are out of politics, and while we are about it, we propose to construct not a new political party, but the new political party. Out of scattered fragments, second-hand building material, and some new and straight timber, this new organization is to be formed. The second-hand material has not been much used, the new timber is fresh-hewed and without knot, bark or habitation of borer.

The two old political parties have had their "fling" long enough. Under their sway we have had slavery, bloody wars, boodle, oppression of the poor and creation of monopolies—besides many other iniquities which we have contemplated so long that we have grown weary. Every time a new, fresh, young party is reported born, the edict goes forth from the old parties' press and leaders, and the promising or unpromising youngster, as the case may be, is ruthlessly strangled or put to the sword. To avoid this unpleasant contingency in the present case, we propose to set this new organization on its feet at once. It has not only a platform of principles and sound theories about what ails us, but it has a strong, aggressive and wealthy membership, already in a large majority in every State of the Union. It is not the young Hercules in his cradle strangling the stray milk-snake from his mamma's dairy, but the full-grown Hercules, with scrapers, hundreds of feet of hose, and one hundred pounds pressure to the square inch on the hydrant, ready to clean out the Augean stables. If the two old political organizations seek to head us off by uniting their forces, ballots and boodle, as they did recently against the People's Party in Kansas, they will find that they are all too late.

The old party need not tremble; we do not ask enthroned political iniquity to totter; the cohesive power of plunder is not requested to let go or unstick itself; we do not ask fusion or a political dicker for offices. No; let existing parties and leaders take it calmly and be resigned to their fate; step quietly out; and soon we will all be friends and there will be no hard feelings—leastwise, not on our side.

With charity for all, then, and with malice towards none—an expression which need no longer be quoted—let us get to work. Here is a goodly, shapely, well-hewn stick of timber, fresh from the keen and well-directed broad-axe of Mr. B. O. FLOWER, the young giant-worker with the strong personality, editor of the *Arena*, of Boston: "Wealth cannot afford to let crime, poverty and suffering exist and flourish. The Government cannot afford it. These things must be prevented by private enterprise if they can, but they must be prevented some way, as far as possible. Where the selfishness of greed leaves breeding-spots and hot-beds for them, especially in large cities, the strong arm of the law should interpose." Read B. O. FLOWER'S "Exiles of Society," and you will think more seriously on this subject.

The Reform movement, just inaugurated in New York City, aims to wipe out the slums, and on their sites to lay out parks and playgrounds for the children of the poor: to enlist those millionaires who have no other earthly use for a fraction of their millions in the work of making New York a better place to live in. Government patronage and indorsement and legal sanction, by means of penalties and real estate condemnations, in cases of slums in all large cities, is called for,

Rivers and harbors are deepened and repaired by Government appropriations—why not Government appropriations for social cleansing purposes? Men of money will find it to their interest to co-operate in this work. During their lifetime they should do it. They will make money by doing it. Let them do a little figuring and they will be convinced. When they are dead, their endowments for libraries, schools and hospitals will, in all probability, set heirs, trustees, courts and lawyers wrangling before anything practical can be done. Furthermore, work done in life with their money can have the benefit of their own personal supervision. Such work will wipe out a few of the hospitals and give a larger patronage to the libraries and schools!

This stick and Mr. B. O. FLOWER's fine contribution to the structure ought to make a neat fit. Boston, city of culture, and Gotham, center of wealth, may now clasp at the mortise. And two sides of our square and level platform are already framed and pinned.

Here is a loud demand from the great, busy world of agriculture: "We sell too cheaply, considering what the consumer has to pay, when he buys our products from the retailer. We pay too high a rate of interest on our mortgages, though we furnish the best security in the world, *real property*. Give us a uniform four per cent. rate, deliver us from the speculator and the men who control the markets for our staple commodities, change the real estate laws so as to prevent those mortgagees who are unscrupulous from taking advantage of us—and we will withdraw our demand for grain sub-treasures and free and unlimited coinage of silver. Free the great business and money centers—the large cities—from the corruption of political rings and the burden and expense and waste of a vicious and pauperized floating population, and we will share in the benefits of such a policy at the other end of the line." This makes a neatly-fitting and symmetrical stick of timber for the third side of the platform.

The Knights of Labor, Federation of Labor and Trades Unions furnish the timber for the fourth side: "You have been trifling with the immigration laws, even the strict laws passed by the last Congress. Paupers are coming here in thousands, and the labor market is depressed. In some States the politicians refuse us the secret ballot, and workmen must vote to suit their bosses rather than themselves. In others, convict labor interferes with honest labor. Little provision is made by law for the workman's health, safety and wage-guarantees in many occupations compared with what should be made. We demand some of the benefit to be derived from extra public educational facilities, and from endowments of dying philanthropists, for libraries and schools and institutes. We demand that more attention be paid to the health, morals and decency of residence, of the worthy unemployed, and we protest against greedy landlords keeping honest men and their families in tenements not fit for human beings to occupy." This is the completing side of our platform and the four are symmetrical, clean-hewed and fairly proportionate.

To brace these and keep them steady, we have the Women's Christian Temperance Union, the "New Education" societies and thousands of wealthy minor associations for doing good, all of whom are in cordial sympathy with the demands of the foregoing. These take so little "stock" in existing parties that, when they vote, they do so in a half-hearted fashion that indicates weariness and an anxious yearning for more vital questions to vote upon. They are in the new party with parse, not boodle; with enthusiasm, but no torchlights; with lectures and books, but without campaigns at the public expense. The labor question, the agricultural question, the ballot reform question, the social reform question and all the other reform questions, are now united in one grand question—namely, Shall these things continue as they are? to which the unanimous answer is an emphatic No.

The frivolous mind must be cautioned here against jumping at conclusions. It must not be taken for granted that these somewhat varying and various elements have no cohesiveness. The old parties have long had the "cohesive power of public plunder" on their side; but they must not think that that is the only cohesive power in this broad land. The old parties have long existed on this pretext: "We must let things take their course to a great extent. The things reformers complain of will remedy themselves after awhile." The basic idea of our "New Political Party" is this: "We must take hold. When primeval man came upon the earth he took things as he found them. After a time, however, man commenced to build roads and canals and railroads on the surface of the earth; to clear the forest and till the soil and delve into the mines; to search the waters for fish and the air for game; to direct the thunderbolt and harness the wind and the waters and electricity—and to utilize, control and direct, to a great extent, the forces of external nature. In the moral and social and political world he must do the same. And we propose to do this, and not let the world run along as it is, nor largely as it is." On this basic idea all reform movements can unite and are now uniting. This idea will furnish the

cohesive power. "Reform" is the watchword everywhere.

Social wrongs are usually the resultant of long-continued moral wrongs. Greed of capital, for example, perpetuates the slums, keeps factories noisome and unventilated. Bad morals in city politics allows the saloon and the dive to flourish in otherwise respectable neighborhoods, near the schools even where the rising generation spend the greater part of their waking existence. Moral wrong, social wrong and political wrong are thus intimately connected. All societies, therefore, for the promotion of moral and social advancement are the natural allies of the various movements for purer and better politics and the enactment of more equitable laws. These forces are now working in unison, and the "New Political Party" is already full-grown. Expect to hear from it, without fail, in 1892.

WHERE MARRIAGE IS A FAILURE.

WE have reached the acme at last. For ages past and until yesterday divorce has been looked upon as an unfortunate incident in married life, a relief from ills unbearable, a makeshift and bit of patchwork at best. To-day divorce is elevated to the dignity of a sovereign and indispensable remedy. Hon. CARROLL D. WRIGHT, expert statistician and advanced social economist, has decreed that if we would preserve the beautiful human trinity—father, mother and child—in all its sacredness, society must take the bitter medicine labeled "Divorce."

In his address delivered before the fourteenth National Conference of the Unitarian Society, recently held in Saratoga, N. Y., Mr. WRIGHT offers answers to some of the objections urged against divorce; but the more serious and material difficulties he has overlooked. Theoretically, the husband and wife alleged to be unable to live together as husband and wife should, had better live apart. There is no Christian church that does not counsel separation in extreme cases of this kind. If we apply absolute divorce as a remedy for such cases, how much better will we make matters? The first marriage, contracted usually after protracted acquaintance, has the advantage, for success, over any subsequent union. Husband and wife have been chosen from among thousands. It was the first choice, if not the first love, on the part of both contracting parties. About the first union there is a charm, a romance, not possible, not even expected, in the second or the third. It may be, probably is in many cases, true that the husband or wife who failed in their first union and contracted a second will grin at and bear all things in the latter, rather than acknowledge that it also is a failure. This it is that often makes second marriages look eminently successful.

But we must get at the probabilities, and, if possible, at the facts, in the case. The divorced husband and wife are unavailable for future unions with undivorced single people, in exact proportion to the number of times they have been divorced. Though in most cases not hard to suit before the ceremony, it is an absolute certainty that every time they are divorced they will continue to grow more and more difficult to please in married life. Marriages of divorced people to undivorced single people are not equal or equable contracts. The undivorced party has both singleness and no previous failures to his or her credit, while the divorced party is either a cast-off or a party not easily suited—has figured in a "failure" marriage, at all events. In such a union the divorced party will be liable to think often and regretfully of the happy days of the preceding marriage before—ah, yes, before the divorce! The undivorced, but now, alas! not single party—who possibly may be aiming to make a little record, also, in the divorce line, is exposed to the temptation of seeing the retired partner doing better on patchwork than he or she is doing in his or her first marital venture. Marriage after divorce has all sorts of disadvantages. Even if, in the second venture, the contracting parties have that rare quality called compatibility, the circumstances, viewed by the healthy mind as they really are, are sufficient to make the union highly undesirable. If both contracting parties have previously been divorced from former partners, they may, as we said before, bear one another's burdens rather than try again, in the face of Mrs. GRUNDY. Or they may be really happy—because they think they are and are determined to be so. That they do this in many cases no observant person will doubt. Why can not people do so—except in extreme cases—in the first marriage? Why do they not do so?

The answer is not far to seek. That the first marriage should prove unhappy, and should call, after a few or many years, for Mr. WRIGHT's "bitter medicine" labeled "Divorce," which alone can preserve the beautiful human trinity—father, mother and child—in all its sacredness; why, this is only to be expected. The idea of keeping the family relation—father, mother and child—sacred, without divorce! Nonsense! But, then, if you take more than one dose of this "bitter medicine" labeled "Divorce," it will begin to look as if you do not know your own mind. People may talk. Just marry—that is, once. Next, take your medicine. Then marry again. You will feel better, now. So will

"father, mother and child;" but which ones and where are they now?

In his Saratoga pronunciamento, Hon. CARROLL D. WRIGHT paid no attention to this phase of the subject—namely, What influence, if any, do easy divorce laws exert on the well-being of existing households? If absolute divorces were more difficult to obtain than they are, would not certain married couples be more careful not to be too incompatible? Also this point: A valid marriage is, at least, a civil contract. It imposes burdens, duties, responsibilities. If a certain amount of unhappiness results, that is no more than happens under other civil contracts which the courts enforce. Why should legislation be so lenient with the bond of the marriage contract—in view, especially, of the fact that innocent parties, the children, are likely to be injured by its dissolution? In a word, why is divorce so easy compared with the dissolution of other species of contract? And why, in the face of these considerations, does Hon. CARROLL D. WRIGHT elevate divorce from patchwork to panacea?

BISHOP LOUGHLIN.

HAVING passed his seventy-fifth year, and the thirty-eighth of his episcopate, Right Rev. JOHN LOUGHLIN, first bishop of the Catholic diocese of Long Island, resigned his charge, in obedience to the Master's call, December 29th. His career as bishop extends from the days when in all Long Island, Shelter Island and Gardiner Island, there were but five Catholic churches, to the present time when there are more than one hundred and twenty.

During the progress of this phenomenal upbuilding of the Church Militant, the retiring nature and single-hearted devotion of Bishop LOUGHLIN shunned publicity and the world's applause. In the heart of the metropolitan district, engaged constantly in the founding, managing and rearranging of school, charity and ecclesiastical institutions, on a magnificent scale, and often in the face of soul-trying difficulties, this great unworldly prelate was of the world little known.

The loss of the saintly Bishop is, in many senses, a departure in the fullness of time. He had come in sight and had entered the promised land of his life-long hopes. He had seen, with eyes undimmed by great feebleness, the success of his labors for the Church. He had but partially withdrawn his hand from the active management of his diocese, and had spent the last year of his life consoled, throughout a painful illness, by the affection of a united and harmonious people and priesthood. He found a scattered chain of parishes on three islands, and left one of the most compact church organizations of any denomination in the United States. While the people whose interests he has so zealously guarded will sadly join in the solemn requiem—and while they "hear the Miserere sounding loud within their souls"—they can take from their faith, their hope and their love the consoling thought that they, and their children, and their children's children are still to reap the benefits of that saintly, unselfish life now closed in a resigned and peaceful death.

WE are threatened with an *incognito* visit from that eccentric young man whose official title is Emperor of Germany. He is, so we are cabled, to leave Bremen ere this paper reaches the hands of our subscribers, and is to travel under the miserable title of "Count." If Emperor WILLIAM does come to these shores he will be compelled to behave himself "as sich," for we are not a people to put up with vagaries, even if they are imperial. Our patience is tested to its limit by the British cad; a cad of any other nationality might prove quite too, too much.

THE current *North American Review* has published the opinion of seven prominent literary people upon the "Best Book of the Year." These literary people award the palm of merit, each to a different work, hence such of the readers of this able monthly as wish to decide for themselves shall be compelled to read the seven works so recommended. Now, in our opinion, the "Best Book of the Year" is a volume of ONCE A WEEK—in regard to which there can be no difference of opinion whatsoever—and in this we will be backed up by over two hundred thousand of its happy perusers.

WHAT is the Grip? Assuredly, the College of Physicians, or the College of Surgeons, or some college or other ought to be able to tell us what the Grip means. Here is a chance for a rising American medical man to distinguish himself! Here is the opening for a young "sawbones!" An infallible cure for the Grip means the biggest bonanza in the world. Let the American doctor now step forth and dismount this fell horseman who rides in our midst!

WE are heartily glad to perceive that one hundred and thirty thousand dollars have been added to the estimates for teachers' salaries, and that the item has passed the Board of Estimates. Pay the teachers well, and Young America will be well taught. Any economy in the line of remuneration for instruction would be worse than a crime; it would be a blunder.



WESTERN HEMISPHERE.

The firm of Carnegie, Phipps & Co., Pittsburg, were reported as being hurried by Government officials in their contracts for armor-plates for the building cruisers. A representative of the firm denied the report. Many prominent officials also deny that this Government is making any extra preparations for war, in view of Chilean complications. To all of which it may be replied, the trouble with the great Southern republic has not yet begun.

The New York Charity Ball, for the benefit of the Nursery and Child's Hospital, netted more than ten thousand dollars.

The general amnesty proclaimed by President Hippolyte, in Hayti, has been recognized by a large proportion of the Haytians in exile at Kingston, Jamaica, and many of them have applied to the Haytian Consulate for passports to return to Hayti. None of the leaders of any of the factions, however, will go back to that country.

Tom Mann, the English labor leader, who is a candidate for the position of secretary of the Amalgamated Engineers, is making a vigorous campaign, and is paying special attention to the American and Canadian vote.

During 1891, 4,003 miles of new railroad were laid in the United States, which is the smallest mileage since 1885, and a decrease of 1,574 from last year's figures.

The leader of the gang of train robbers that robbed the Adams Express car, on the St. Louis and San Francisco railroad, near Glendale, Mo., last November, is under arrest at St. Louis. His name is Albert D. Sly, a noted convict from the Missouri penitentiary. It is believed the rest of the gang will now be taken in.

The American Red Cross Association, for some time earnestly at work for the starving Russians, has opened dollar subscriptions for citizens who cannot contribute supplies. Remittances should be directed to Miss Clara Barton, Washington, D. C. By this method the people of this country will have an opportunity to relieve very great distress. There should be a great many dollar contributions, which would give an expression of public sentiment in this country—with reference to the wrongs of the Russian people—more effectually than large contributions from a few.

The American Radiator Company has been organized at Detroit with a capital of three million five hundred thousand dollars. This adds one more to the already great number of large manufacturing establishments in the City of the Straits.

A New York City coroner's jury inquired into a killing that was done in a dive, and recommended that such places be closed by the police at an early hour every evening. Why not close them early in the morning, and keep them closed?

Reciprocity treaties with Guatemala and Salvador have been signed by Secretary Blaine.

A move is on foot to start a Western baseball league. We hope in the near future to capitalize those three words. But why do not the cities entering the proposed league call it the "Central"? What is there so far "West" about Columbus, Indianapolis, Toledo, Detroit, Grand Rapids, Milwaukee, Minneapolis, St. Paul, Omaha and Kansas City? Give us a central league, gentlemen.

Iowa leads, so far. The State is organized by Congressional districts for the relief of the Russian sufferers.

Miss Rachel Sherman was married in Washington to Dr. Paul Thorndike, of Boston, the brother of the bride, Rev. Thomas Ewing Sherman, of the Paulist Fathers, being the officiating clergyman.

The worst rain and snowstorm for years is reported from the Pacific, and it is likely the record of maritime disasters will be heavy. Along the line of the Southern Pacific Railroad the snow is very deep; in some places more than twelve feet. A dispatch from Albuquerque, N. M., says: "The great snowstorm prevailing in this section has blocked the Santa Fé and the Atlantic and Pacific Railroads. For four days no Eastern mails have been received. Passenger trains on both roads are blocked in the Ratan Mountains."

Two Chinese boys, Ah Jim and Ah Fay, aged fourteen and fifteen respectively, are being examined by the Federal authorities for smuggling themselves into this country at Wilson, Niagara County, N. Y. They claim to have parents in this country; that they have been simply on a visit to China to get an education, and when arrested were on their way back here to join their parents. We hope the boys will know better in future than to go out of this country for an education. Let the Federal authorities get hold of some of the adult heathens, next time. These boys are not so bad.

The Brazilian rebels are growing stronger; the "republic" has lost two or three of its State governors; and the late dominions of the late Dom Pedro seem to be in a bad way, generally.

The grain blockade at Chicago is giving much trouble to railroads and shippers. At last accounts the blockade was raised; but there is no telling when it will give trouble again.

The Messiah craze has broken out again on the Arapahoe and Cheyenne reservations, and a thousand Indian loafers are dancing away as if something very different were coming.

The new Secretary of War, Stephen B. Elkins, is at his post in Washington.

The Chicago Elevated Railroad terminal scheme will probably be a success. General Torrence, well known in railroad and financial circles, is at the head of the plan and expresses every confidence that it will be the greatest success in modern railroad building. The substance of his fig-

ures is that he will compel the majority of Chicago roads to use his terminals, because he can offer better facilities at half the present cost. But while the railroads entering the Columbian Fair city are looking for terminal facilities, it would not be a bad idea to pay some attention to their transportation facilities. The phenomenal natural development of this country calls for double tracks on many, if not all, of the trunk lines. How much the quadri-centennial railroad boom will emphasize or intensify this necessity should receive immediate attention.

District Attorney Carter, of San Francisco, has taken the depositions of officers and sailors of the steamer *Keewenaw*, regarding the attack on the fireman, Patrick Shields, by the Valparaiso police. Charles R. Malcolm, first engineer of the *Keewenaw*, testified that Shields was a quiet, sober, respectable man, who would not provoke a quarrel. The terrible injuries he had received seemed to have impaired his reason. The testimony has been completed and sent to Washington. Nearly two hundred type-written pages constitute the report.

EASTERN HEMISPHERE.

The Government of Japan has appropriated seven million dollars for the relief of the earthquake sufferers. On the question of this relief measure, and other measures of expenditure, the Japanese House of Representatives opposed the Government, and was at once dissolved by Imperial order. A new election will be held in five months. In the meantime four of the seven millions of relief money has been appropriated by the Government on its own responsibility.

Hon. W. E. Gladstone was eighty-two years old December 29th. In company with Mrs. Gladstone and his friend, John Morley, the Grand Old Man is spending a short time at Biarritz, a French watering-place on the Bay of Biscay, to prepare for the Parliamentary duties before him.

The London Nitrate Company held a sort of an indignation meeting, at which the chairman reported that the company's loss for the year on Chilean nitrate fields was nearly three thousand pounds. Complaint was made that the fields in question had been worked out before they were sold to the company. At this juncture Colonel North, the "Nitrate King," arose to say he was ready to pay the shareholders fifty thousand pounds for their interest in them. The loss on the year's business was due to the recent war in Chili, and if the shareholders are wise, they will take the "King's" offer, before the next war breaks out.

The army contractors in some sections of Russia have ceased supplying troops with food, owing to the scarcity of supplies.

Arnold White, the agent of Baron Hirsch, was assured by the Russian Minister of the Interior of Government aid in his projects for the relief of Russian Hebrews.

Several officers of the Russian Imperial Guard have been forbidden to appear on review. They are in disgrace, owing to their gross orgies, which have come to the ears of the Czar.

In London, Alfred Cellier, whose real name was Kelleher, finished composing his part of the music for Gilbert's new operetta, "The Mountebanks," on Monday, the 28th, and as the last merry note was finished the composer died. The deceased was a rarely lovable character, had written many rollicking and genially funny compositions, and was a universal favorite. He had been dying for some time, but bravely stuck to his work till it was finished.

At the great National Congress of India, the speakers, delegates and spectators earnestly proclaimed their renewed allegiance and their undying gratitude to England for having brought India to her present favorable conditions. The Congress may be looked upon as significant, in view of recent decisive steps taken by Great Britain to checkmate Russia's designs on Central Asia.

A telegram received from the Japanese Minister in Peking, dated the 1st inst., reports that riots have occurred at Yeh Ho since the 17th of November, and that slaughter and pillage are rampant. It is also reported that a number of disbanded soldiers have joined the rioters, and that the mob was being gradually added to. A more lengthy communication from the same Minister brings the gratifying news to Christendom that the official circle in China has announced that, inasmuch as all religions are tolerated in their country at the present day, it is improper to withhold from the missionaries perfect liberty to travel in the interior; or, in other words, that it is improper that full liberty to propagate their religion should not be given them. It has therefore been decided that such permission be given missionaries in the interior, without forcing upon them the allegation that it is for the benefit of their health or for scientific research that they desire to take these journeys, the only condition required being that they have a certificate from the sect or body they represent showing that they are missionaries. A similar decision has just been arrived at in Japan.

During the recent storm on the coast of Ireland the Atlantic rolled mountains high, especially at the South Islands of Arran. A number of houses and considerable other property were destroyed.

Labouchere's London *Truth* publishes an article wherein it says that it is the manifest destiny of the Dominion of Canada to become a new United States, or to become attached to the great Republic. The change is inevitable, and the sooner it occurs the better. "The emancipation of the grotesque Dominion and its absorption in the United States would be a benefit to the Canadians and also to Great Britain. The only sufferers would be the Indians, who would be transferred to the tender mercies of what is probably the most corrupt and rascally institution on the earth," says Labby, "the Washington Indian Bureau." *Truth* declares that Australia will be the first to sever the bonds by which she is attached to Great Britain. The talk of Australian loyalty to the British Crown, it says, is all buncombe. From this it would appear that the "great

editor" has been spending the holidays right royally, for one who is so much opposed to royalty. This last statement of his is simply *Truth*, with the holiday embellishments—and one "whopper."

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

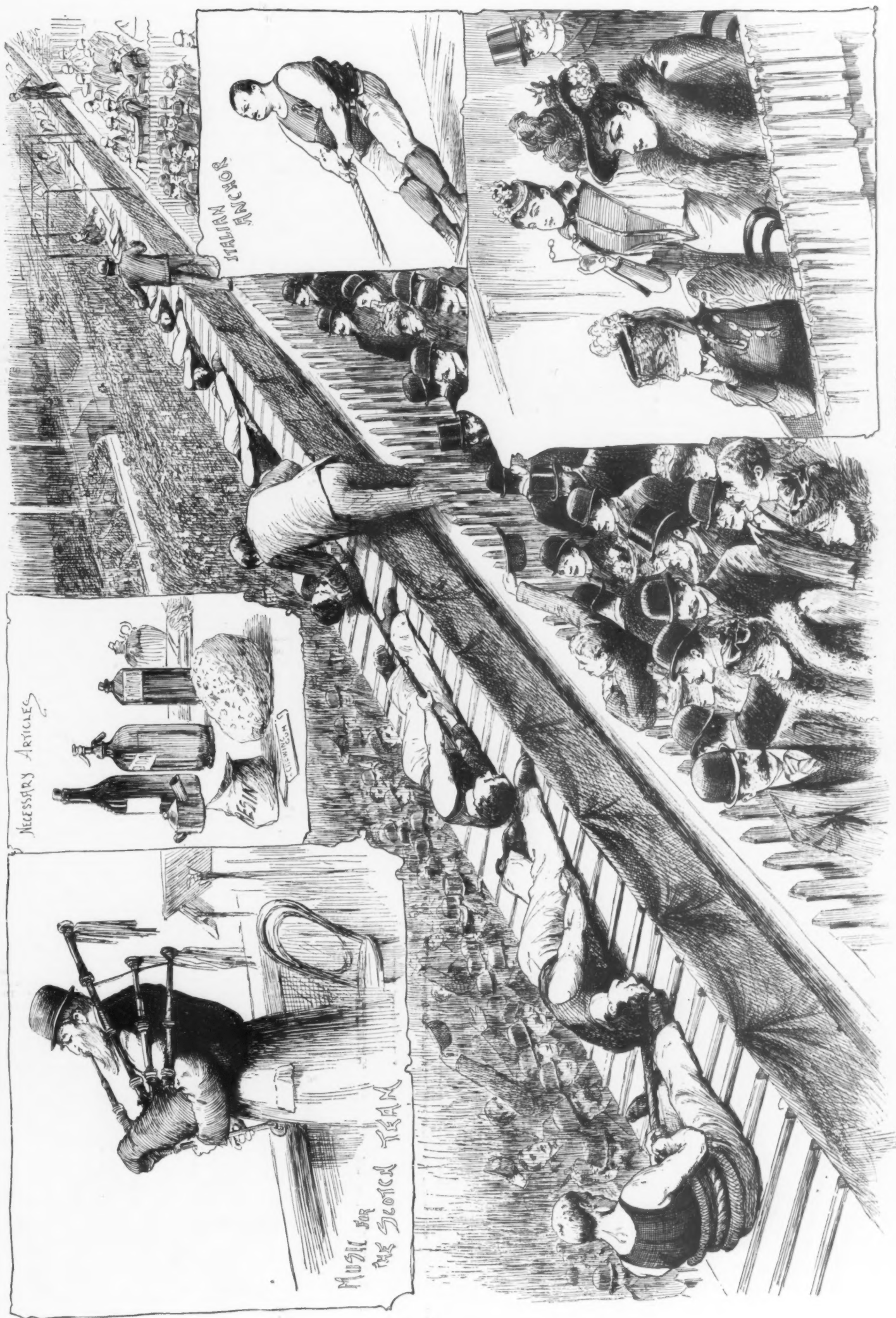
Two of our illustrations depict a tug of war: one, the psychological moment, where, in Madison Square Garden, on a carefully prepared platform and in the presence of thousands of spectators, the stout sons of sea-kings are gaining that all-necessary inch upon their opponents that is to lead to victory; the other, a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull together, to haul a heavily laden wagon up the gangway from off a Brooklyn ferry-boat, the tide being exceptionally low. In the first case, the tuggers are all men of brawn and muscle, and admirably equipped for the grim, grand struggle; in the second case, the tuggers are volunteers, ranging from the dainty dude to the sturdy stevedore.



STEPHEN BENTON ELKINS, the new Secretary of War, is a thick-set man of almost gigantic proportions, with a round, clean-shaven face, shaggy, beetling brows, and the most genial of manners, and is fifty years of age. He is an Ohioan by birth, but was reared and educated in Missouri, having graduated from the University of that State. He served in the war on the Union side, as captain of the Seventy-seventh Missouri Regiment, and in 1863 emigrated to New Mexico. He was then two-and-twenty, poor and friendless; but he made up his mind to "get there," and, by dint of hard work, he has succeeded. He jumped from a cowboy's saddle into a lawyer's office, and soon obtained admission to the Bar. It did not take him long to learn how to speak and write Spanish fluently, and in a few years he had the largest practice in the Territory, so that he rose rapidly to be district attorney. Then he secured a seat in the Territorial Legislature, was subsequently named United States district attorney, and finally became Attorney-General of the Territory. His next step was to Washington, as delegate to the Forty-third Congress, where he met Mr. Blaine, with whose political fortunes his own name has since been so closely allied. He looked after the interests of the Territory so well in the House that he was re-elected. In 1875 he became a member of the Republican National Committee, and in the same year married the daughter of Senator Davis, of West Virginia, who was the wealthiest man in the State. He has himself amassed a considerable fortune by mining and stock-raising. He owns large estates in New Mexico, Colorado and West Virginia. His home at Elkins, in the latter State, looks like a baronial castle. It occupies a mountain site, with a view of ranges and peaks stretching away from twenty-five to thirty miles. The main hall at the entrance is fifty by twenty-five feet in size, with a twenty-foot ceiling, and an enormous porch surrounds the turreted four-story structure on three sides. The porch wall is a massive piece of masonry, looking like the side of a fortress. A ballroom on the top floor has a ceiling to the height of twenty-five feet, extended into the oak rafters, and is fifty by thirty feet, from which some idea of the enormous size of the house can be formed. He spends a great part of his time in New York, whence he directs his vast business interests. Personally he is very popular, for he is full of generous good-nature, and he has energy and enthusiasm commensurate with his size.

HALL CAINE, the well-known English novelist, who has just undertaken a pilgrimage to Russia for the purpose of getting up local color for a romance which he hopes will be the "Uncle Tom's Cabin" of the Russian-Jewish controversy, is a somewhat severe-looking man of middling height, with semi-long auburn hair and a Vandyk beard, and looks considerably older than his years, which are one-and-forty. He is a Quaker of Puritan stock, and began life as an architect, but jilted this profession for journalism, and eventually drifted into novel-writing. He has been called the Victor Hugo of English literature of modern days, and the title is not altogether unmerited, for "The Deemster" and "The Bondsman" are of the same school of lofty romance as the earlier works of the great French writer; but, whether his thrusting himself into the arms of a million Legrees as a masculine Mrs. Beecher Stowe is calculated to lead to good results, is open to question.

THE head-roll of illustrious dead for the year 1891 is of very great length. In fact, it is not too much to say that never, within the memory of this generation, have so many famous persons passed away in the course of a twelve-month. Among the royalties were Dom Pedro, the King of Wurtemberg, Prince Napoleon, the Prince of Flanders, King Kalakaua and the Ameer of Afghanistan. More prominent, the men of political note who died were Parnell, Boulanger, Sir John Macdonald, Hannibal Hamlin, Jules Grévy, Charles Bradlaugh, William Windom, William Henry Smith, Balmaceda, Lord Granville and Dr. Windthorst. Three of the greatest generals of all time also joined the choir of immortals—Count Von Moltke, William T. Sherman and "Joe" Johnston. So did Admiral Porter. The stage lost, among others, Lawrence Barrett, Barry Sullivan, Emma Abbott and Madame Agar. Art is poorer by the death of Meissonier, Edwin Long and Charles Keene. Literature is still in mourning for James Russell Lowell, besides three historians—Bancroft, Kinglake and Lossing. The names of P. T. Barnum, Baron Haussman, Archbishop Magee, Madame Blavatsky, The O'Gorman Mahon, Mrs. Polk, Leo Delille, George Jones, Lord Albemarle and Jessie Fothergill were also famous in various ways.



NEW YORK—THE TUG OF WAR AT MADISON SQUARE GARDEN.

AUX * ITALIENS.

THE FAVORITE POEM OF THE LATE "OWEN MEREDITH"—LORD LYTTON.



I.
At Paris it was, at the opera there;
And she looked like a queen in a book that night,
With the wreath of pearl in her raven hair,
And the brooch on her breast, so bright.

II.
Of all the operas that Verdi wrote,
The best, to my taste, is the "Trovatore;"
And Mario can soothe with a tenor note
The souls in Purgatory.

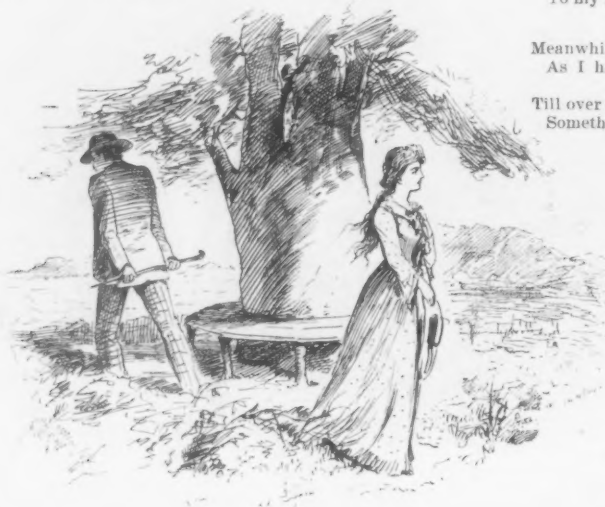
III.
The moon on the tower slept soft as snow,
And who was not thrilled in the strangest way,
As we heard him sing, while the gas burned low,
"Non ti scordar di me?"

IV.
The Emperor there, in his box of state,
Looked grave, as if he had just then seen
The red flag wave from the city gate,
Where his eagles in bronze had been.

V.
The Empress, too, had a tear in her eye.
You'd have said that her fancy had gone back again
For one moment, under the old blue sky,
To the old glad life in Spain.

VI.
Well! there in our front row box we sat,
Together, my bride-betrothed and I;
My gaze was fixed on my opera hat,
And hers on the stage hard by.

VII.
And both were silent, and both were sad.
Like a queen she leaned on her full white arm,
With that regal, indolent air she had;
So confident of her charm!



XIII.
And the jasmin flower in her fair young breast:
(O the faint, sweet smell of that jasmin flower!)
And the one bird singing alone to his nest:
And the one star over the tower.

XIV.
I thought of our little quarrels and strife,
And the letter that brought me back my ring,
And it all seemed, then, in the waste of life,
Such a very little thing!

XV.
For I thought of her grave below the hill,
Which the sentinel cypress tree stands over,
And I thought * * * "were she only living still,
How I could forgive her, and love her!"

XVI.
And I swear, as I thought of her thus; in that hour,
And of how, after all, old things were best,
That I smelt the smell of that jasmin flower,
Which she used to wear in her breast.



XVIII.
I have not a doubt she was thinking then
Of her former lord, good soul that he was!
Who died the richest and roundest of men,
The Marquis of Carabas.

IX.
I hope that, to get to the kingdom of heaven,
Through a needle's eye he had not to pass.
I wish him well, for the jointure given
To my lady of Carabas.

X.
Meanwhile I was thinking of my first love,
As I had not been thinking of aught for
years,
Till over my eyes there began to move
Something that felt like tears.

XI.
I thought of the dress that she
wore last time,
When we stood, 'neath the cy-
press trees, together,
In that lost land, in that soft
clime,
In the crimson evening
weather:

XII.
Of that muslin dress (for the
eve was hot),
And her warm white neck in
its golden chain
And her full, soft hair, just tied
in a knot,
And falling loose again:

XVII.
It smelt so faint, and it smelt so
sweet,
It made me creep and it made
me cold!
Like the scent that steals from
the crumbling sheet,
Where a mummy is half un-
rolled.

XVIII.
And I turned and looked. She
was sitting there
In a dim box over the stage,
and drest
In that muslin dress, with that
full, soft hair
And that jasmin in her breast!

XIX.
I was here and she was there,
And the glittering horseshoe
curved between
From my bride-betrothed, with
her raven hair,
And her sumptuous, scornful
mien.

XX.
To my early love, with her eyes downcast,
And over her primrose face the shade
(In short from the Future back to the Past),
There was but a step to be made.

XXI.
To my early love from my future bride
One moment I looked. Then I stole to the door,
I traversed the passage; and down at her side,
I was sitting, a moment more.

XXII.
My thinking of her, or the music's strain,
Or something which never will be exprest,
Had brought her back from the grave again,
With the jasmin in her breast.

XXIII.
She is not dead, and she is not wed!
But she loves me now, and she loved me
then!
And the very first word that her sweet
lips said,
My heart grew youthful again.

XXIV.
The Marchioness there, of Carabas,
She is wealthy, and young, and hand-
some still,
And but for her * * * well, we'll let
that pass,
She may marry whomever she will.

XXV.
But I will marry my own first love,
With her primrose face: for old things
are best,
And the flower in her bosom, I prize it
above
The brooch in my lady's breast.

XXVI.
The world is filled with folly and sin,
And Love must cling where it can, I say;
For beauty is easy enough to win;
But one isn't loved every day.

XXVII.
And I think, in the lives of most women and men,
There's a moment when all would go smooth and even,
If only the dead could find out when
To come back and be forgiven.

XXVIII.
But O the smell of that jas-
min flower!
And O that music! and
O the way
That voice rang out from
the donjon tower
Non ti scordar di me,
Non ti scordar di me!



OLLA PODRIDA

THE best class of oysters come from the smallest creeks, while they increase in coarseness the farther they are found out at sea.

In the towns and cities of Chili all the shopping of any consequence is done in the evening. In Santiago the stores are open till midnight; and during the hot afternoons, when everybody takes a siesta, they are locked up.

THE tallest trees in the world are the gum-trees of Victoria, Australia. In some districts they average three hundred feet high. The longest prostrated one measured four hundred and seventy feet, and eighty-one feet in girth near the root.

VITUS was a Sicilian martyred by Diocletian A.D. 303-313. He was made one of the fourteen "helpers in need" in the Roman Catholic calendar and canonized. Persons suffering from nervous diseases prayed to him, and St. Vitus's dance was originally a procession of men and women jumping along the roads to his chapels.

A SCOT was once presented to James Russell Lowell, and announced himself, "I am a Scotchman." "You cannot be a true one," replied Lowell, "or you would have said 'Scotsman.'" One of perhaps the best authorities, the late William Burns, says, in his introduction to "The Scottish War of Independence," "Throughout I shall use the orthography 'Scots.' The people who gave their name to the country and nation were Scots."

A JAPANESE is rarely without a fan. It is his shelter from the sun, his note-book and his plaything. The varieties of these paper fans would form a curious collection in respect of form as well as quality. The highest-priced fan that was used in the days of seclusion from the outer world was not more than five yen, or fifteen shillings; but now they have been made to order for foreigners as dear as two pounds to three pounds. The general prices of ordinary fans range from two shillings to guineas per hundred.

AN illustration of the new marsupial of Australia—*Notoryctes typhlops*—has been presented to the Zoological Society by Professor E. C. Sterling, of the University of Adelaide. Four specimens of this interesting little animal have already been found on the line of telegraph between Adelaide and Port Darwin, in the very heart of Australia. It resembles a mole, and burrows in the sand with remarkable celerity. The eyes are represented by mere spots under the skin. Altogether the creature is a new type of the marsupial order.

NOTWITHSTANDING the progress the Turks have made of late years in the arts of civilization, all, from the highest to the lowest, over the length and breadth of the Ottoman Empire, are a prey to the devotest superstition. The office of Munedjim Bashi, or Court astrologer, still exists. The man's duties are not of a very complex kind, but they have an important bearing on political and social movements. For every action of the Sultan and his ministers he has to calculate the most propitious day, hour, and even minute; and he publishes annually an almanac, in which, for the benefit of the whole Mohammedan population, the days are specified on which it is best to have the hair cut or the nails trimmed, to take medicine or to be bled, to visit friends, to buy houses, lands or slaves, to undertake a journey, and even to do nothing. Next to the Koran no work is more widely studied among the Sultan's subjects, and it is very doubtful whether even the great Evangel of the Prophet is more scrupulously obeyed.

ANECDOTES.

MURAT, Napoleon's dashing chief of cavalry, whose splendid enthusiasm won many desperate charges, could be as cool as his master upon occasion. At the taking of Moscow, while the troops sat in the saddle under a murderous fire, Murat received, writes a contemporary, a dispatch to which an answer was required. Though his mettlesome horse was trembling, Murat laid the reins upon the horn of the saddle, took his note-book in one hand and a pencil in the other, and began to write a response. Suddenly a shell fell and exploded on the ground close by. The horse leaped into the air and swung wildly around. Murat simply transferred the pencil to the hand that held the note-book, calmed the horse with the other hand, and then went on writing his dispatch as if nothing had happened. A shout of admiration went up along the line. Murat saw that the enthusiasm aroused by his trifling act had created a favorable moment for a charge. He gave the order, and his men swept clear through the enemy's line. It is said that General Reynier once saved the French army in Calabria, in 1806, from a complete rout simply by the manner in which he smoked a cigar. The English Infantry fire had compelled the French to retreat. Reynier, fearing a panic, remained to the last and brought up the rear. Though the English fire was murderous, he had lighted a cigar, and his retreating men noticed that the puffs of smoke went up, as his horse moved slowly on, with absolute regularity. Puff! A wait. Puff! Another wait. Puff! The enemy were pouring on, firing vigorously as they advanced; but nothing could accelerate Reynier's smoking. His soldiers rallied under the inspiration of the queer spectacle, and got off in good order. Perhaps the most cold-blooded commander who ever lived was the French general, Saint-Cyr. He was a great tactician, but totally neglected the morale of his men. He was never seen on horseback, and never showed himself before the lines. On one occasion, when he was simply a general of division, the impetuous Marshal Oudinot, puzzled to know what to do in an emergency, asked Saint-Cyr's advice, frankly telling him that he was "nonplused." "You, monseigneur," said Saint-Cyr, "are a marshal of the empire, and I am a general of division. I shall faithfully carry out your orders, but it would not be becoming for me to advise

you." Later on Saint-Cyr succeeded to the command of the army, and then adopted a peculiar method of generalship. He formed his plan of battle clearly, precisely and with admirable foresight. Then he sent his orders to his subordinates and shut himself up in his headquarters, absolutely forbidding entrance to a single soul. Then he took out his violin and went to studying a hard piece of music as tranquilly as if he had been in the midst of profound peace. The battle which won Saint-Cyr his baton as a marshal of the empire was fought while he was fiddling in his tent. He had apparently foreseen everything, and the carrying out of his plans completely crushed the enemy.

As is well known, the American Indians have been removed farther and farther from their homes to make room for the whites. Once, relates the author of "The Making of New England," when an agent of the Government was sent to a certain tribe to notify them that they must again remove, a chief asked the agent to sit down on a log. The agent did so. The chief then asked him to move, and very soon to move again, and again, until the agent got to the end of the log. The Indian then said "Move farther." "I cannot," replied the agent. "Just so it is with us," said the chief. "You have moved us as far as we can go, and then ask us to move still farther."

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

WHEN whalebones have become bent, they may be used again by first soaking them in tepid water for a few hours and then drying them.

A trustworthy authority gives a very simple remedy for hiccup—a lump of sugar saturated with vinegar. In ten cases tried as an experiment it stopped hiccup in nine.

A good recipe for making waterproof cement to be used in constructing an aquarium, is to take twenty-five parts gutta-percha in shreds and melt it carefully; add seventy-five parts ground pumice-stone, and then mix in one hundred and fifty parts Burgundy pitch and melt well together.

Borax has for centuries been used in glazing china and earthenware so extensively all over the world that the consumption in these industries at the present time exceeds all others. The principle adopted is to form a fusible glass of borax and other materials, and fuse it on to the baked earthenware. Many formulas have been published of the composition of this "frit," but almost every large firm has its own formula.

In an excellent article on hoarseness in professional singers (*Jour. Amer. Med. Assoc.*, 1890), Dr. Sajous, of Philadelphia, calls attention, among other better known conditions, to a deficiency in the lubrication of the vocal bands, which he successfully combats by the use every two hours of a warm spray of a saturated solution of potassium chloride and the administration of ten grains of ammonium chloride in a tumblerful of water at the same intervals. The last dose is taken at least three hours before a performance, to avoid exposure during the subsequent stage of perspiration. Between acts he finds a lozenge containing two grains of the drug to be beneficial in some instances.

A good soap for freeing wool from grease can best be prepared from olive and Cochon cocoanut oils. Seventeen hundred and sixty pounds of olive-oil are boiled to a grain with caustic soda lye. After the soap has separated and the lye has been drawn off, one thousand nine hundred and sixty pounds of potash solution of s.g. 1.152 are added and allowed to boil a little. Now four hundred and forty pounds of Cochon oil are added, and, when well taken up, the same quantity of potash solution of s.g. 1.152 is gradually added as the soap can take it up. Then place in tinned forms of about two hundred and twenty pounds capacity. The entire process is easy, and the soap obtained is highly esteemed in washing wool, as the wool treated with it is open and has a good "feel," provided the consumer does not add any alkali to the soap solution with a view to making it act more rapidly, as is often done.

Green paint for Venetian blinds which will stand the heat of the sun without blistering: Rub two parts of white lead and one of verdigris with nut-oil or linseed-oil varnish, mixed with oil of turpentine, and dilute both colors with ordinary drying-oil.

The process of fastening ferns to a book is very easily accomplished. With a small brush gently touch the back of the fronds here and there with a little common gum, putting only sufficient to keep the fronds from turning up. Place a piece of blotting-paper on the top of the fern, and put a weight on top of the book, and when dry the process is complete.

A French physicist has been making researches recently into the action of cane-sugar and treacle on iron, and finds that they corrode iron with the formation of an acetate of the metal. The fact is of practical utility in connection with boilers, because it happens sometimes that sugar gets into the water supplied to boilers in sugar-refineries, and consequently tends to deteriorate the boilers.

To make papier-mâché for fine small work, boil clippings of brown or white paper in water, beat them into a paste, add glue or gum and size, and press into oiled molds.

THREE NEW CONTESTS.

A COMPLETE set of Charles Dickens, in six royal octavo volumes, substantially bound with compressed English cloth, spring back casing and highly ornamented with gold laid side stamps. This set contains the famous Cruikshank and Barnard illustrations, and shall be given, respectively, to each of the three persons sending in the best replies to the three following contests:

NO. 1.

The competitors in this contest are required to name, according to their individual judgment, the three most attractive literary features of ONCE A WEEK during the past year (1891). A reason must be given for each selection.

NO. 2.

The competitors in this contest are required to suggest three new popular literary features for ONCE A WEEK for the coming year (1892), with due reasons for such selections.

NO. 3.

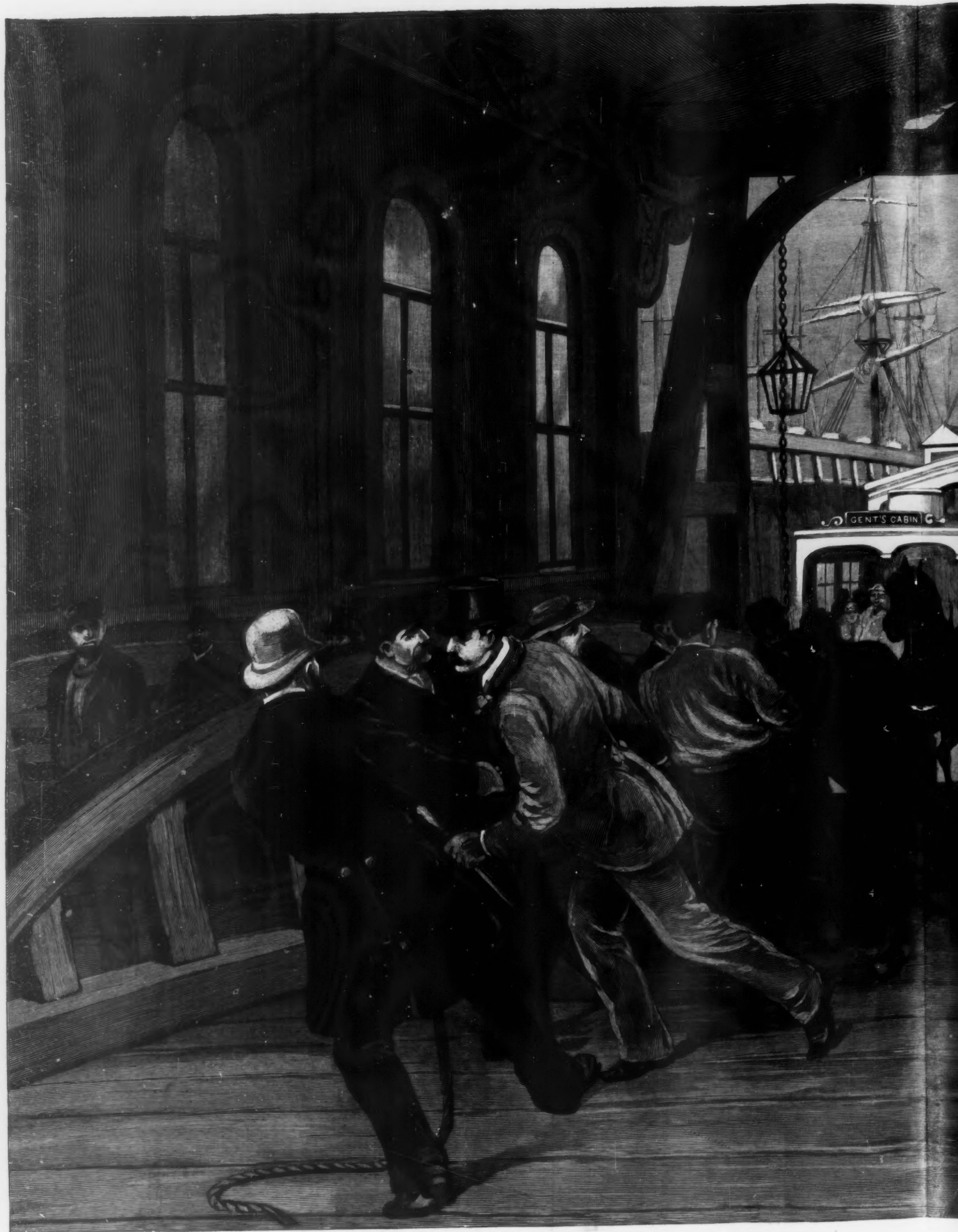
The competitors in this contest are required to suggest a new but practical method for obtaining new subscribers to ONCE A WEEK.

Those desiring to enter one, or all, of these contests, should read the following rules carefully, as any competitors whose answers do not meet these conditions will be excluded from the contest without notice.

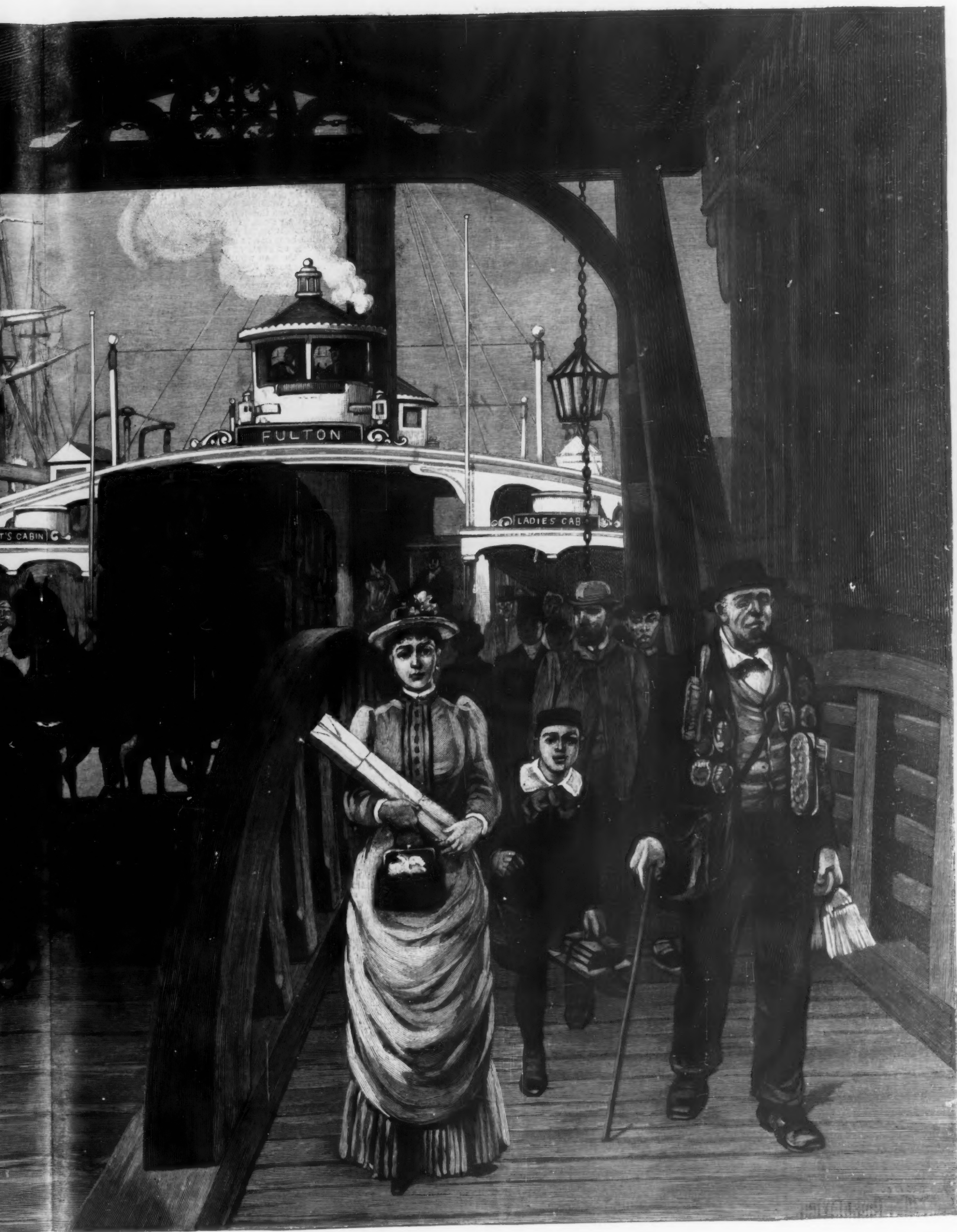
All answers must be written in ink, on one side of the paper only, and should be enclosed in an envelope addressed, "Editor ONCE A WEEK, 523 West Thirteenth street, New York City," with the word "contest," followed by the numbers 1, 2 or 3, as the case may be, conspicuously written in the lower left-hand corner of the envelope. Envelopes so addressed will not be opened until the close of the contest, so that all letters in connection with the contest that do not contain lists should not have this addition. In all cases where a reply to such letters is required, a properly stamped and addressed envelope should be inclosed. All inquiries must be made by mail. No communications can be received on post-cards, by telegraph or by hand. No queries will be answered in the paper, and the editors cannot receive calls from the competitors in regard to these contests. The contest is open to all readers of ONCE A WEEK, but a person is allowed to send but one answer in competition for each prize. Where one person answers more than one contest, each answer should be mailed in a separate envelope. On every answer the name and post-office address of the sender must be written, in full, on the top left-hand corner of the first page of the answer. Competitors are requested to bear in mind that it is quite unnecessary for any note of explanation, or otherwise, to accompany answer. Under no circumstances should any sort of communication be inclosed in the same envelope with the answer. Competitors who, for any reason, send duplicate lists, are requested to mark them as such. All lists must be sent so that they shall be received on or before February 14, 1892. No answer can be corrected or amended by letter or otherwise after it is sent. The names of the prize-winners, with their answers and portraits, will be published as soon thereafter as a decision is reached. We cannot undertake to return answers which, for any reason, are not noticed; and to this rule we can make no exception.



HE—"Miss Verne, I love you; will you marry me?"
SHE—"You'd better telephone my father."



"ALL TOGETHER. BOYS!"—SCENE O



SCENE ON A BROOKLYN FERRYBOAT.

TRACKED OUT.

A SECRET OF THE GUILLOTINE.

BY ARTHUR W. À BECKETT.

Author of "Fallen Among Thieves," "The Ghost of Greystone Grange," etc., etc.

CHAPTER VI.—(CONTINUED.)

WE found the bedroom substantially as we had left it. Apparently it had not been disturbed since the date of the murder. I examined the place more closely than before, as now we had a clew. I left it to Mr. Armstrong to test the looking-glasses. With the assistance of the French police, he was sounding the walls and making measurements.

"You will find nothing there," observed the proprietor. "There is only a looking-glass. It has not been disturbed for years. You will notice, M. Gerard, that when we have papered this room we have left the space on either side of the fireplace untouched, because they were hidden by the looking-glasses. We thus saved expense; and in these hard times, when every son is of importance, it was a good thing to save expense."

For all that, Mr. Armstrong and his French assistants continued their investigation. In the meanwhile I had approached what at first sight I had imagined to be a chest of drawers, but which turned out to be one of those writing-tables, with a flap serving as a desk, so often found in Parisian bedrooms of the second class. I called attention to my discovery, and the prison doctor came to my assistance.

"No doubt he got the pen and paper from here," he said; and, pulling out an inner drawer, there sure enough was a pile of large note-paper. The first sheet was clean, but the edges of the rest were covered with dust, showing that the packet must have been undisturbed for some time before it was last diminished. "No; there is nothing."

"What are you looking for?" I asked. "For traces of blood," was the reply. "If Dormer wrote anything, as the tracing of his signature on the blotting-paper would suggest, it must have been before the murder had been committed. If he had written it afterwards, we should have found some red spots on the bureau."

"You think a murder was committed in this room?"

"I do not know. I have no opinion. But is it not a fact that no trace has yet been found of the Major?"

"Certainly."

"Then we must search further."

We left the bureau, and approached the group surrounding the fireplace. So far nothing had been brought to light. The fireplace, with its looking-glasses reaching from the ceiling to floor on either side, stood out from the natural wall of the room, thus forming two recesses, one of which ended at the outer wall of the house, the other at the wall separating the room from the apartment beyond, which had been used for the play table.

"I do not think you will find anything, gentlemen," said the proprietor. "My theory is that the two Englishmen locked themselves in. Then they quarreled, and escaped by the window. Then one of them killed the other when they reached the street. There was no violence in the house, gentlemen; of that I am sure."

"But this is the first we have heard of the two Englishmen entering this room," observed M. Gerard.

"Was it not mentioned at the trial?" replied the proprietor in a tone of surprise. Then he continued, as if anxious to afford the fullest information in his power: "Oh, yes; they certainly entered this room. They were very noisy; and we—who do not like a disturbance, because we are not too anxious to have a visit of you gentlemen of the police, save when you come to us, as now, as friends—were only too glad to be rid of them on any terms. They soon were quiet, and we supposed they had gone to

sleep. The next morning we found the door bolted, and had to break it open. We found the room empty. There was nothing to attract our attention but a broken chair, from which a rail had been taken."

"Ah!" I cried, "a rail of a chair was found in Dormer's hand when he was taken to the Morgue."

"Very likely it might have been a part of the broken chair—a rail was missing. But what defense would that be against a knife? The murdered man was killed with a knife. But what of that? No doubt they both trusted one another. But the quarrel must have taken place outside the café in the Rue du Bac, where the body was found. You see this room is quite clean; there is no sign of a disturbance."

"Which of you entered the room in the morning?" sharply asked M. Gerard, turning to the waiters.

"The proprietor," replied the garçons in chorus.

"Certainly," returned the man, "it was I who entered the room, and so I can speak of the place from my own knowledge. Yes, gentlemen, on my word of honor, it was exactly as you see it now. The window had been left open, and the door was bolted; but beyond that and the broken chair, it was exactly as you see it now. Not even the bed had been used. The two Englishmen could not have stayed here long. No doubt they left the café when all was still."

"And how do you account for this mark on the carpet?" asked M. Gerard, stamping with his stick on a stain that had been until now hidden by the table.

For the first time since we had entered the room the proprietor seemed uneasy. "It is nothing," he murmured. "The waiters are very careless. No doubt they may have dropped some oil on the spot. You see, gentlemen, it is a stain of long standing. It has been there for a very long time, has it not?"

"We do not know," replied M. Gerard; "but we will soon ascertain."

Then he turned to the doctor of the prison to examine it. Immediately my colleague produced a little case from his coat-pocket containing bottles. He opened one, and, dipping a camel's-hair brush into it, applied the liquid contents to the stain on the carpet. It changed color.

"At last!" ejaculated the surgeon. "Well, monsieur," continued M. Gerard, in a cold, official tone, "and what does the test disclose? What have you found?"

"Blood."

"Guard the door!" cried the chief of police; and, pointing to the proprietor, added: "Seize that man!"

"This is an outrage, gentlemen!" said the café keeper, who was now in custody. "I call you to witness that this is an outrage! More shall be heard of this!"

"Most probably," replied M. Gerard, calmly. "Most probably. In the meanwhile I am prepared to accept the full responsibility of my actions."

The search round the fireplace was now in the hands of Mr. Armstrong, the doctor of the prison and myself. We were carefully feeling the frame of the looking-glass on the right-hand side. It was an ordinary gilt composition beading—quite plain, save where it was relieved by an occasional raised star of brass, or some other metal. As a last resource I pressed each of these stars in succession; there were six of them. The first was evidently merely an ornament, so was the second, so was the third. They were all firm, and had apparently been fixed on the frame after the beading had been placed in position. When I examined the fourth, in almost a perfunctory manner, I noticed it was not so firm. It seemed to me to have been fitted into the beading instead of being placed over it.

"See if you can push it in," suggested Mr. Armstrong.

I followed the direction, and, to my surprise, noticed that it began to yield to my touch. In a moment there was the sound of a "click," and the glass revolved on its hinges, disclosing a recess.

"Ah! now it is becoming interesting!" said Mr. Armstrong. "It is becoming very interesting!"

"On my word of honor, gentlemen," exclaimed the now trembling proprietor, turning as white as a sheet, "I knew nothing of the recess! And, you see, gentlemen, it is empty—quite empty! There is absolutely nothing in it!"

"If you knew of its existence," dryly replied M. Gerard, "there would be nothing in it. It is not likely that, with the Seine within easy distance, you would have kept anything there that could have condemned you."

"Fair play!" exclaimed Mr. Armstrong. "I half believe the man is innocent."

"I am, indeed—I am, indeed!"

"We shall soon see. If there is a cupboard on the right-hand side, most likely there is another on the left. We will examine the frame on the left-hand side of the mantelpiece."

With this he approached the remaining looking-glass, and pressed the fourth star—the one that corresponded with the spring on the opposite side. Again there was the sound of a "click," and the cupboard door moved on its axis. Armstrong started back with an exclamation of horror. Huddled in the recess was the body of a dead man!

The doctor and one of the police lifted it out and placed it on the table. I knew the face at once, from a photograph I had seen, and a certain likeness to the daughter. It was the corpse of Major Merton!

"See," said the doctor of the prison, "he has been dead for some days. Fortunately it is winter time, and we have had hard frosts, or it would not be so easy to identify

him. And, observe, he too has been stabbed in the heart, and by the same weapon."

"On my soul, gentlemen," cried the proprietor, "I am innocent! I never knew of these receptacles! I did not, indeed!"

"The contents of the cupboard are not exhausted," said Mr. Armstrong, who had returned to the recess. "See, there is something white lying in the corner." And he dived in and brought out a number of sheets of paper that had been roughly pinned together. He opened the bundle, and then found that they were written in English.

"Let me look at them," I cried excitedly, and seized them. I turned over page after page. There was no sign of blood, and they were all in the same handwriting. It was a handwriting that, at first scarcely legible, became distinct and more distinct. At length it was quite easy to read, and I read the last lines aloud:

"This is all I have time to write. If I can, I will conceal this in some place where it will be found, and where, when discovered, it will bring the murderer of my friend to justice. I swear (and this, when read, will have the force of a voice from the dead) that Major Merton was brutally murdered in my presence by Jules Naudin. And now I hear the assassin returning, and, if I cannot escape without discovering myself, must fight for my own life. He will not know that I have learned the secret of the Major's murder, as I shall close the recess. I have armed myself with the rail of the chair; but the odds will be against me with that villain holding the knife. I will escape, and, if possible, fight in the street. I shall get no assistance here. I will put this writing in the recess with the body of my murdered friend, together with the money he gained at the gambling-table. If I do not escape—Jules Naudin, I denounce you as my assassin!"

And here the paper ended. It was signed "Richard Dormer."

CHAPTER VII.

TOLD BY THE DEAD.

It was some weeks later before I was able to obtain Dick Dormer's narrative. It was used at the French Government Offices as a basis of a criminal investigation which had a deep interest for me and those who called me their friend. When at length it did reach my hands, it was crumpled from much use. However, it was legible enough. As I have already written, the writing towards the end was firmer than most of the first few pages. But, perhaps, I cannot do better than transcribe the whole document. Here it is. Here is what I read in the gambling-house in the Rue du Bac, with the body of Major Merton lying dead before me:

DICK DORMER'S REVELATION.

"I am writing under great difficulties. I find the drugged coffee still confuses me. But I think I can set down pretty well what has occurred. The old knack of expressing my thoughts on paper, practiced when I was a journalist, comes back to me. The man, scared for the moment by the noise in the next room, has gone. He escaped ten minutes ago by that open window. But I know he will return, to search for our money. He will come back, find me, and try to cut my throat. Ten minutes ago he could have done it without any opposition on my part—I was so helpless. But the water I sprinkled on my face after I had staggered up to the washing basin has revived me. And the fresh night air from the open window, too—that has helped me to recover. Oh, I am all right. He will find me a tough customer. But it is dreadful odds against a knife—and he has the knife."

"Ah! my head is growing clearer and clearer. I feel I shall be able to tell my story after all—and I must if I can. He shall not escape if I can prevent him. And it must be by written testimony, as I have a presentiment that I shall never speak to a human being again—except to him, and to him only when I am dying. So I must write this, that it may help to kill him—when I am dead. It was fortunate that I found this paper in the escritoire—very fortunate. I fell upon the piece of furniture, and, in trying to save myself, opened the drawer. It seemed providential. Well, I must make the most of my time, as I feel he will be here soon—with his knife."

"When the Major and I left Alec Ainsworth at the Café Anglais, we came to this place. The Major's mood had changed again—he was once more quarrelsome. But here we had some champagne, and he soon got to the stage of swearing eternal friendship. Thinking it over now when I am in this dreadful position, I see how wrong I have been. I should have taken him home at once, as Alec wished, but the idea of a night of my old life fascinated me. I had not played since leaving the Colonies, and this house seemed the very one for a real good flutter. I felt at home amongst the rough customers I found here. And rough they were with a vengeance! There was not one of them that would not have passed for a bush-ranger decked out in his go-to-meeting clothes; not that bush-rangers are much given to worrying the parson, but I pick up the European expressions when I am with the Major, and 'go-to-meeting clothes' was one of his favorite sentences. Poor fellow, he won't use it again."

"Well, we played, and strange to say, won. We both made a pretty good pile—his was the biggest. I could see with half an eye that there was foul play; but I knew the ropes, and it was a case of diamond cut diamond. My diamond was

the sharpest, and as the Major followed my lead we came through it on the right side. But it made them savage—the other players: it was all I could do to keep the Major from quarreling. At ordinary times he would have quarreled; but he had won largely, and this put him in a good humor. So, many an insult I laughed off as a joke; and as his acquaintance with the French language is not so intimate as mine, I smoothed things over. But matters were getting from bad to worse, and I fancy that the proprietor himself was not too pleased with our success. I do not think he was sorry to get rid of us, if he could find an excuse. At any rate, he found one. He called me aside:

"Monsieur," said he, 'your friend is charming; but he is not understood. His playful sallies are taken in bad part by other customers. For his safety and your own you had better withdraw.'

"By all means," I replied; 'but how?'

"All you have to do is to open that door, walk down the stairs and go out."

"Very good," I returned; 'but look at his condition, my good friend. Do you think he is in a fit state to perambulate the streets of Paris at such an hour as this? Why, the man would lie in a gutter and refuse to move.'

"But what has that to do with me? He would be removed by the police in due course, and you would be relieved of any responsibility on his account."

"But would you?" I asked. "It is just possible the police might think that he had been hounded in your admirably-conducted establishment, especially if it were found that he had been robbed."

"Robbed! But why should he be robbed?"

"My good friend, look around you. Is there a man in this company who would not take advantage of stealing from the person of a drunken man?"

"Sir! you reflect upon the company."

"That is my intention. My good friend, it is no use blustering. I am a hard-headed customer, and I have been in many haunts twice as peculiar as this. No, no; we cannot leave here with the money."

"Well, Monsieur, if that is your objection, I will keep it for you myself. You can send for it in the morning."

"I was amused at the fellow's impudent suggestion. Of course, I did not accept it, arguing that it was impossible to remove my friend in his present excited state."

"Well, then," said the proprietor, 'I will tell you what you can do; you can sleep here. There is a room adjoining this where you can pass the night. The door to it has a good lock, so that if you fear any harm you can put some strong deal boards between yourselves and the rest of the company.'

"I reflected a moment. The Major was becoming noisier and noisier, and the other players angrier and angrier. I accepted the proprietor's proposal. I approached the table.

"Major," I said, 'come with me; I have something important to say to you.'

"Nonsense," he shouted, 'I am in the vein. Before I have done I will break the bank: did you ever see such a run of luck? But no, it's not luck, it's my skill. These fellows are duffers. They can't play a bit—they haven't a system between them. I, on the contrary, have one infallible system, and I carry everything before me.'

"Go you do," I replied; 'you are a clever man, Major, a very clever man. And as a particular favor to me—as an act of courtesy—leave the table and come with me.'

"I knew that when I appealed to his courtesy, I touched him on a tender point."

"Certainly," he said, rising unsteadily, 'certainly. In the old 133d we were always courteous—regimental custom. Of course, if you put it on that I must come, but it's a thousand pities. Leave me alone five minutes, and I will break the bank.'

"I led him away from the table and towards the door of the other room; as we reached it the proprietor said to me:

"I have put some coffee on the table and two cups. It is very strong, and will perhaps help your friend to collect his senses."

"The other players were so intent upon the game, that they did not seem to pay particular attention, and so we reached the inner room in peace. The moment we had entered I locked the door."

"What are you doing that for?" asked

(Continued on page 15.)

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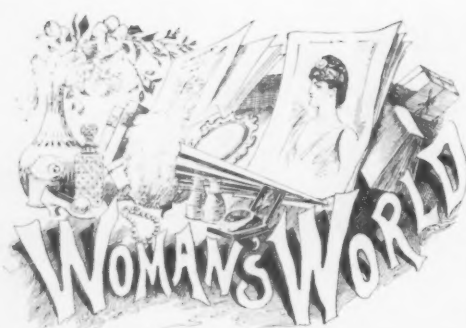
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We are threatened with the return to the open-necked or collarless bodice, with frills of lace for a finish, for the improvement of the throat, the prevalence of the scraggy neck being attributed to the high, tight collar of to-day. At the beginning of the century, when low-necked bodices were the rule, beautiful necks and shoulders were also the rule and scraggy necks the exception. Now the contrary rule holds good, and few ladies will be pleased to

tury bangle and the sixteenth century cuff, turning down over the hand, did not get on well together.

And now we are indebted to women for the improved covering for balls used in playing lawn-tennis and like games, for improved dress suspenders, for an electric gondolier, for the safety-dress elevator, for an improved ear-trumpet, and for an improved fire-shovel.

Purple, heliotrope, sapphire, cornflower, apple-green and pinkish-browns are fashionable colors for costumes.

Miss Ada Rehan designs all her own costumes. They are drawn in New York, but the gowns themselves are actually made in Paris.

Lambs'-wool shoes are now in good demand for those who have cold feet.

Ladies have in various Continental cities done exceedingly well as photographers. In Copenhagen, a lady photographer has for several years been favored with very flattering commissions from the Court. In Stockholm, another lady has attained an equally good position in the photographic world. She, too, counts royalty amongst her patrons, and the Swedish artists admit that she can hold her own against any male photographer.

A prize has been offered for the best essay on the theme, "How can our women help in adorning our rooms?" by the editors of the *Zeitschrift für Innen-Decorationen*, in Darmstadt.

quite as good a showing as the two-hundred-dollar girl by the expenditure of one-half that sum, provided she can do her own dressmaking.

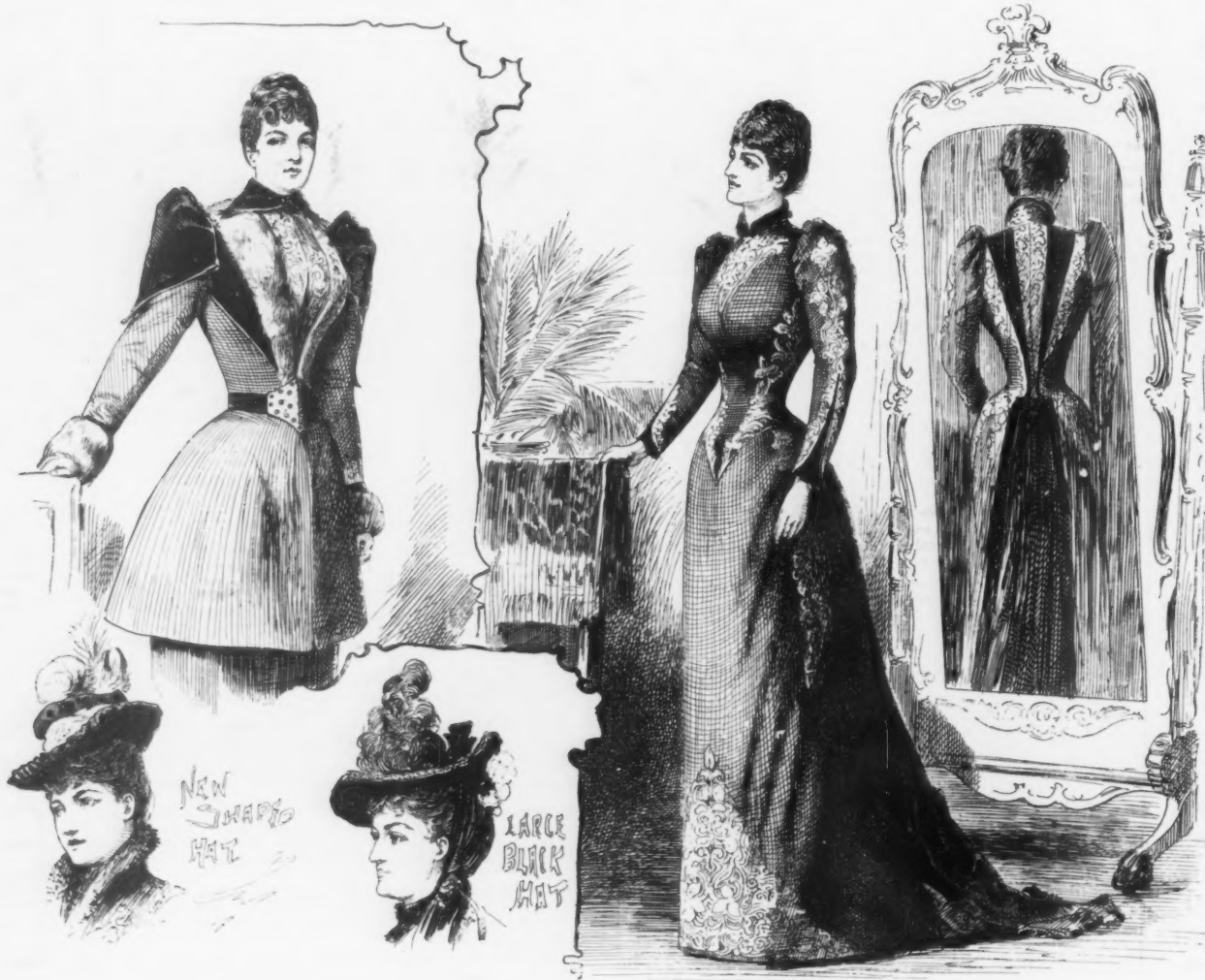
At the recent doll-show for the Kindergarten for the blind, in Boston, the prices paid for the dolls contributed by notabilities were as follows: Mrs. Cleveland's, \$20; Mrs. Whitney's, \$15; Mrs. Levi P. Morton's, \$15; Mrs. McKee's, \$12; Redfern's, \$11; Captain Alfred Thompson's, \$11; "Aunt" Louisa Elridges, \$10; "Little" Corinne's, \$9; Mrs. President Harrison's, \$7.50; and Georgia Cayvan's, \$7.

The Princess of Sagan, leader of fashions and frivolities, who has contributed more than any other woman to the fortune of Worth, the man milliner, has a villa at Trouville that reproduces even to details the residence of a Persian millionaire.

Deep capes revive the old-fashioned talmas. They are plain on the shoulders and five yards wide on the lower edge. Some are bordered, and others lined with fur.

Ladies who love dogs and wear box-coats carry kennel whistles. Those made of silver cost between seventy-five cents and ten dollars; the gold range from four to twenty dollars, and the chain or job adds about one-third to the cost.

Cooking is to be taught hereafter in the Cleveland public schools.



THE BEST DRESSED WOMAN IN NEW YORK.

PRINCESS DRESS—This gown represents a Princess Dress, cut all in one, with velvet bands in the back, sweeping out into a long train. It is braided in gold and black.

THE COAT—Its chief novelty is the belt and laced silver buckle, braided vest, with wide collar of chinchilla fur, velvet collar and top of sleeves with leaves also of velvet. The back is all in one, with full pleats.

NEW SHAPED HAT—Full velvet brim and soft crown in heliotrope velvet, trimmed with old lace and shaded feather mount at back, cut wings.

LARGE BLACK VELVET HAT, jet edge, feathers mount the front and bouquet of roses at back resting on hair. Strings tied at left side in long bow and ends.

Specially for ONCE A WEEK, by Redfern.

hear of the coming revival, which will not become pronounced this season, but may be anticipated in the not far distant future.

At a recent meeting of the Rational Dress Society in London Lady Haberton, the high priestess of the order, wore a coat bodice and divided skirt, reaching half-way down between her knee and ankle, made of dark, rough homespun.

The fashion authorities decree that odd furs may be used and that a lady may wear, if she will, black fur at her throat or on her gown and carry a muff of Astrakhan in the natural color or of mink or sable. The muff is gradually assuming most imposing dimensions.

Margaret Fuller's pin-cushion is exhibited and regarded reverently at the woman suffragists' fair in Boston.

Feathers, long and short, are very generally worn, and, as for wings, never have they been so lavishly used by milliners; but the humane and tender-hearted may now console themselves, for it is announced that a vast majority of the wings are those of birds and domestic fowls legitimately killed that men may eat, their fate calling for no especial sympathy.

Sir Edwin Arnold says, "Everything is possible for woman. I do not believe in the inferiority of women."

The bangle is on the wane, and the link bracelets are coming again to the fore. Probably the nineteenth cen-

Silk braid fringes for wraps and dresses are the fashion.

In millinery novelties of the hour, velvet Tam O'Shanters are the most conspicuous things that have been seized upon with particular favor by young ladies. One of rich navy-blue velvet is thrust up stylishly on one side, and held by a crimson silk cockade and two crimson quills. It is worn with a navy-blue coat trimmed with martin fur, and is especially *chic*.

Miss Florence Kallock, the pioneer woman preacher of Chicago and the West, has a study in the rear of her church that is more like a boudoir than the typical ministerial sanctum. In it there are soft reclining-chairs, a divan covered with cushions, tables laden with photographs and *bric-à-brac*, and book shelves filled with the works of noted woman writers. A bright fire lights up the room and adds to its appearance of comfort and coziness.

The price of a young woman's *trousseau* depends upon the length of her father's pocketbook. Twenty-five hundred dollars gives a very nice outfit, including undergarments, gowns, furs, and all the accessories of dress. It does not, however, include linen for the furnishing of the new establishment; a very nice *trousseau* can be purchased in the neighborhood of two hundred dollars, and the young woman who is handy with the needle can make

The Barmaid is the name of a new paper just started in London. Naturally enough, it is a charming illustrated paper devoted exclusively to the interests of the beautiful behind the bar. England boasts at the present time of an army of eighty thousand barmaids. They will all subscribe to the new paper. These young ladies must be single. No widows need apply. They must be handsome, strong, sparkling and moral. They are lodged and fed in the establishments where they practice their profession, and their salaries seldom go beyond six hundred dollars a year.

Bad complexions are the rule in Russia, as a result of the climate, bad ventilation, irregular living and want of exercise.

A physician, in writing about the health of girls, tells them to eat good, but plain, wholesome, nutritious food, and, above all, to eat a hearty breakfast. He thinks nothing in modern life is more pernicious to the health than this dawdling over the much-needed, though often uneaten, breakfast.

A company of women is running two canning and preserving factories in Michigan. Not a man is allowed to work in either place.

Lizard-green is a new shade that in velvet is extremely rich.

VAN HOUTEN'S COCOA—"Best & Goes Farthest."

THE LIGHT OF LIFE.

BY ARTHUR J. LAMB.

TWO LITTLE children whispered love
Beside a quiet stream,
The sunlight played about their forms
In many a golden gleam.
"And this," I thought, "is innocence,
Love's purest, sweetest dream."

A lover and a maiden sat
Beside the running river.
He whispered vows of endless love
That nought but Death should sever.
"And this," I thought, "is Love that lives
A day. Then dies forever."

An aged couple o'er the sand
Their footsteps slowly wending,
Two shadows on the ocean strand
In perfect twilight blending.
"And this," I thought, "is Love, indeed,
That lives when Life is ending."

THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE, LATE MARQUIS OF HARTINGTON.

BY C. S. PELHAM-CLINTON.

THE curious manner in which a face—in this instance not a foolish one—is transmitted from one generation to another, was never better exemplified than in the case of the Cavendishes. The portrait of the founder of the family fortunes, Sir William Cavendish, Wolsey's famous gentleman usher, which now hangs upon the walls of Hardwick Castle, might have been the father of the present Duke of Devonshire, so striking is the likeness between the two countenances. The Duke is the eldest son of the late Duke of Devonshire, and was born in the year 1833. As a young man, there were few wilder sprigs among the aristocracy, or one who better loved to hear the chimes at midnight.

From the days when William Cavendish, the fourth Earl of Devonshire, took the lead in the conspiracy against James II., and was one of the first to invite William of Orange to invade England, for which he was rewarded with a dukedom, the Devonshires have been among the foremost of the Whig nobility. Lord Hartington entered the House of Commons at the age of twenty-four, being elected for North Lancashire in the year 1857. How highly the young man's talents were thought of may be gathered from the fact that, two years afterwards, it was he who was chosen to move the vote of want of confidence which overthrew Lord Derby's Government. The first time he appeared in an official capacity was in 1863, when he became a Lord of the Admiralty; but in the same year he was made Secretary for War. From 1871 to 1874 he was Chief Secretary for Ireland. He was by this time regarded as one of the shining lights of the moderate Liberal party, and when, in 1875, Mr. Gladstone vacated the leadership of his party, Lord Hartington took his place, and though confronted by such "an old parliamentary hand" as Benjamin Disraeli, achieved an unqualified success; indeed, it was greatly owing to his tact that the Liberals gained their victory of 1880. How he afterwards declined to form an administration when requested by the Queen to do so, and served under Mr. Gladstone, first as Secretary of State for India, and afterwards as Secretary of State for War; how, when his chief introduced his Home Rule scheme, he refused to follow him in his new path, and has since been the leader of the Liberal Unionists, are facts too well known to need more than a passing reference in these columns, which are essentially non-political.

As Mr. Gladstone has his resources and occupation in theology, hymnology and archaeology, so the new Duke of Devonshire is fond of society and sport. He is a great, noble and zealous turfite. It would be too much to say that he enjoys society; he is rather reconciled to it. He acquiesces in it even as he acquiesces in, and is reconciled to, the politicians with whom he has cast his lot, and to the exalted station in which he has been born. The Duke's manner is suggestive of a semi-contemptuous protest against everything—politics and society, the House of Commons and the House of Lords; "but," he always seems to be saying to himself, "it is not my fault; how can I help it?" He is the embodiment of *le spleen*; he is the embodiment, also, of English common-sense. The Duke is often criticised for his manner. Unquestionably, it is peculiar. When he enters a room where a party is assembled for dinner—which he seldom does, save as the last comer—he ignores most of those in whose presence he finds himself. Some may fancy he wishes to avoid them; others, more idiotically sensitive, may impute to him a design to cut them, but it is not so. His Grace merely illustrates one of the most pronounced tendencies of English society—viz., to shun demonstrativeness of any kind. He hates, therefore, when on arriving at or leaving a house, to plunge into a perplexing maze of hand-shakings, nods and bows. One of my compatriots once fairly summed up the air and demeanor of this distinguished nobleman when he said to an English friend: "What I principally like about your Lord Hartington is his you-be-hangedness." He has *hauteur*, but he has not insolence, for insolence implies something which is ill-bred or under-bred, and no one can accuse the Duke of being either. He says little, and presents to most people the front of an impenetrable reserve. Not infrequently he breaks his silence by a laugh, half-hearty, half-suppressed, partly cynical and wholly good-natured. He is an Englishman to the backbone, and he understands and manages, certainly better than Mr. Gladstone, and probably better than any other Englishman could, that peculiar amalgam of prejudice and shrewdness, passion and judgment, emotion and sound sense—the House of Commons.

Phlegm, spleen and fire are combined in the Duke of Devonshire's composition in the proportions exactly



THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE, LATE MARQUIS OF HARTINGTON.

suited to dominate and impress the English people. Is he a popular man? On the whole, yes.

Kindly critics say that his coldness and brusqueness are but the husk, and speak warmly of his magnificent hospitality and how nobly and munificently he plays the host at his country-seat in Derbyshire. Hardwick Hall is one of the three splendid county residences of the Cavendishes; Chatsworth and Oldcotes, all in the same county, being the other two. As a specimen of Elizabethan architecture Hardwick Hall, with its closely-clipped hedges, like huge green walls and smooth-shaven lawns, is one of the finest in the kingdom; yet the ducal owner is a man of simple tastes, neither a gourmand nor a gourmet, and the poorest and most simply furnished apartment in the great mansion is his own bed-chamber.

SOME ERRORS IN SHAKESPEARE.

FOR THE DELECTATION OF IGNATIUS DONNELLY.

SHAKESPEARE'S works seem to abound in curiously palpable errors. They are all comparatively trivial, it is true; but while the majority of them must be set down as the result of gross carelessness, some few indicate an unpardonable ignorance of historical facts. For instance, Macbeth did not murder Duncan in the Castle of Inverness, as stated in the play, but at the "Smith's house," near Elgin, in 1039; nor was Macbeth himself slain by Macduff at Dunsinane. The king, who was not the tyrant that Shakespeare made him out to be, but a pure and equitable prince whose right to the crown was better than that of Duncan, succeeded in making his escape from the battlefield, and was killed in 1056 at Lumphannon.

In the "Winter's Tale," the vessel bearing the infant Perdita is driven by storm on the coast of Bohemia, whereas Bohemia, as Shakespeare must have been aware, has no seaboard at all. In this play, too, one of the gentlemen refers to Julio Romano, the Italian artist, who was not born for some eighteen hundred years afterwards.

In the second act of "Coriolanus," Menenius refers to Galen above six hundred years before he was born, where Cominius alludes to the Roman plays, but no such things were known for at least two hundred and fifty years after his death. In the same play Delphi is spoken of as an island, but Delphi is a city of Phocis, and is no island at all. Shakespeare also makes Volumnia the mother, and Viridilia the wife, of Coriolanus; but, as a matter of fact, Volumnia was his wife and Valeria his mother.

In "Julius Caesar," Brutus says to Cassius, "Please count the clock." To which Cassius answers, "The clock has stricken three." Clocks, however, were entirely unknown to the Romans at that period, and striking clocks were not invented till some fourteen hundred years after the death of Caesar. In "Julius Caesar," also, Brutus alludes to the "Marcian waters brought to Rome by Coriolanus," but this was not done till three hundred years afterwards.

Hamlet, who, by the way, was over thirty years old when his mother talks of his going back to school, is stated in the play to have been educated at Wittenberg School,

which, however, was not founded till 1502. Another error in "Hamlet" is Shakespeare's reference to the "Beetling cliffs, Elsinore," which has no cliffs at all.

In "Twelfth Night," the Illyria clown speaks of the chimes of St. Bennett's Church, in London, and in "Henry IV." the carrier complains that "the turkeys in his panner are quite starved;" whereas, turkeys originally came from America, which, as everybody is aware, was not discovered for a century after.

THE LADIES' PRIZE COMPETITION.

AWARD OF PRIZES.

No. 1.

A COMPLETE set of "Chambers's Encyclopedia" has been awarded to Ellen H. Butler, Newton Center, Mass., for the best essay on "How to Make Home Happy."

No. 2.

A set of Charles Lever's Works has been awarded to Miss L. B. Robertson, Mobile, Ala., for the best essay on "How to Rule a Husband."

No. 3.

A complete set of Bulwer's Works has been awarded to Miss C. A. Young, 46 Laurel street, Boston Highlands, Mass., for the best essay on "How to Dress Tastefully on One Hundred and Fifty Dollars a Year."

No. 4.

A "History of the World" has been awarded to Eliza Ann Jones (who omitted to send her address and will please forward it at once) for the best essay on "How to Furnish a Home on Two Hundred Dollars."

No. 5.

A copy of Moore's or Byron's Poems has been awarded to Miss Lida Griffith, Vevay, Ind., for the best essay on "How to Win a Husband."

No. 6.

A complete set of George Eliot's Works has been awarded to Mrs. C. S. Kinney, P. O. Box 655, Salt Lake City, Utah, for the best essay on "How a Woman Can Earn a Living."

No. 7.

A complete set of Dickens has been awarded to Nellie Zay, 189 South Main street, Mansfield, Ohio, for the best essay on "Home Needle Work."

The Prize Essays will be published in our next and following numbers.

VALENTINE CONTEST.

A COMPLETE set of George Eliot's works, in three volumes, of 800 pages each, bound in cloth, with gilt sides and back, printed in large type, will be given for the best Valentine poem. The verses must be original, and mailed on or before February 1, 1892, addressed "Valentine Editor ONCE A WEEK, 523 West Thirteenth street, New York City." The verses, with portrait of winner, shall be published.

SLEEP.

BY ASLEY H. BALDWIN.

O GENTLE soother of our toil and care,
Thou bringest nightly to us grateful rest,
When for awhile fly Sorrow and Despair,
And Peace their places fills in every breast!
Come, blessed Sleep, and with thy snow-white wings
O'ershadow all who feel or grief or pain;
Touch the sweet harp of Memory's golden strings
And bring our long-lost joys to us again!
None are so wretched but thy heavenly balm
Can shed its healing on the heart oppress;
None are so troubled but thy tender calm
Still the vex'd waters of their hearts' unrest.
Blessing and praise and grateful thanks be given
By us for thee unto Almighty Heaven!

NOTES AND ANECDOTES OF CHILDREN.



HE great Emerson was once completely "stumped" by a village urchin in Concord. The philosopher asked him the familiar question of what the surface of the earth consists of, and was promptly answered, "Land and water." Then, that the fact might be impressed upon the boy's mind, Emerson varied the question slightly, inquiring, "What do land and water make?" To which came

the quick reply, "Mud."

A very bright remark has been credited to the late Earl of Beaconsfield. When quite young he heard a clever woman compliment an ignorant man on his good sense. "I don't wonder," said young Disraeli, quick as a flash, "at his possessing a large stock of good sense; he never spends any."

The African explorer, Paul B. du Chaillu, was lately explaining to a very small boy the various inconveniences of life in the Equatorial Forest. "It's dreadful, Dickie," said he, "to think that there are benighted tribes who do not know what soap is, and who do not wash from one year's end to the other." Dickie was pensive for a moment; then, "I wish," said he, "I was a 'benighted tribe.'"

Bishop Phillips Brooks confesses that as a child he had an exceedingly "sweet tooth." One day his mother said to him: "Phillips, I find that you have taken more sugar than I gave you." "Yes, mamma," the youngster owned up, "I've been making believe there was another little boy spending the day with me."

The bad little boys will relish this one: "Henry, you are such a naughty little fellow that you are not fit to sit with these good boys on the bench. Come up here and sit beside me," exclaimed an exasperated teacher.

Another one on the dominie: He was trying to explain the Darwinian theory to his class, when he observed that they were not paying proper attention. "Boys," he said, "when I am endeavoring to explain to you the peculiarities of the monkey, I wish you would look right at me."

It is related of Hannah More, by Mrs. Elwood, that at an early age she evinced a large aptitude for learning and a desire for information. When her mother first began to think of teaching her to read, she found that Hannah had already made considerable progress. Her nurse, having lived in the family of Dryden, the inquisitive mind of the intelligent child was incessantly prompting her to ask for stories about the poet; and to her father's excellent memory she was indebted for long stories from the Greek and Roman histories. Whilst sitting on his knee, he would, to

gratify her ear by the sound, repeat speeches of her favorite heroes, in their original language, afterward translating them into English. Mr. More imparted to his daughters the rudiments both of Latin and of the mathematics, and was, at length, it is said, alarmed at the proficiency of his pupils.

When Amelie Rives was quite a little girl she attended a children's ball, and said to her partner: "You like waltzing?" "I love it," said the lad. "Then, why did you never learn it?"

Captain Charles King, the author of numerous popular military novels, relates this yarn at his own expense: "He's not what you call strictly handsome," he said one day, beaming through his eye-glasses on an utterly hideous baby which lay howling in its mother's arms; "but it's the kind of face that grows on you." "It's not the kind of face that ever grew on you," was the parent's indignant and unexpected reply.

Children who are slow to learn their lessons may take comfort from the example of the famous Joanna Baillie, author of "Plays on the Passions." She was singularly deficient in learning, as the term is generally understood. "At nine I could not read plainly," she told Lucy Aikin. "At nine, Joanna?" her sister Agnes exclaimed. "You could not read well at eleven." The worthy father, a clergyman, took the stout little ignorant on an utterly hideous baby which lay howling in its mother's arms; "but it's the kind of face that grows on you." "It's not the kind of face that ever grew on you," was the parent's indignant and unexpected reply.

Not long ago a very remarkable girl lived near Exeter, England. She had an unconquerable aversion to all colors, except green, yellow, or white. She would swoon away at sight of a soldier; and a funeral never failed to throw her into a profuse perspiration. She would not eat or drink out of anything but queen's-ware or pewter; and she preferred the muddy water of the Thames to clear spring-water, and meat which had been long kept to that which was fresh. The sound of the jew's-harp was more musical to her ear than that of the piano or violin.

MELVILLE PHILLIPS.

THE EXPENSE OF COVERING METROPOLITAN FEMALE HANDS.

HOWEVER much gloves may be made to conform to the fashion of the hour, or how ridiculously excessive the price paid for them may be, every one of the female sex, from the little tot who is only able to crawl, to the lady in old age, must have her hands covered. Gloves are an article of dress just as hats, petticoats, or stockings are.

Take, then, eight hundred thousand and odd children, misses and grown-up ladies in this great metropolis, and see what it costs them to cover their hands and keep them in the fashion for a year. Why, it would supply one thousand men, women and children in bread for seven thousand days, or nearly twenty years!

Let us see. The eight hundred thousand women and their younger sisters will average two to three pairs of gloves each in a year; and, though twenty cents will buy a pair for the baby, it may take ten, twelve, or even fifteen dollars to buy a pair for my fashionable and wealthy society girl. Put the bill down in round numbers at two million dollars and you will not be many "tenners" out of the way. Look at the glove bills of a few society women and you will think the amount far under the mark.

Note how run the prices of "swell" gloves. The ten thousand women who will be in the "swim" will pay for

their suèdes from two and a half to twenty-five dollars a pair, and I have heard of certain actresses and society stars who pay more than this. These, of course, are gloves remarkable for their fineness, smoothness, softness and excellence of workmanship. The fitting of a dark blue, a black or a crimson slit along the inside of the finger, or the scallops, stitching and fancy contrivance at the top, may add fifteen or twenty dollars to the price of the pair. It is not so long ago since there appeared a very expensive glove of this kind, contrived so with wrinkles as to hide a scrawny arm. Bernhardt, in self-defense, first used them, and society women paid as high as thirty dollars a pair for the ugly thing. Then it disappeared, but now they buy Jouvin's and other fashionable kinds, four pair for one hundred dollars.

Some fair lady will have five or six gold buttons on each glove, and, not content with the plain precious metal, she must have her monogram on each. Sometimes each button has a diamond, a ruby, a sapphire or a pearl in it, so that her pair of gloves may cost from one hundred and fifty to eight hundred dollars.

The dressed kid, so-called, runs along a scale of prices similar to the undressed; and a lady will sometimes pay five, seven and even ten dollars for a pair of kid gloves made out of rat skin. It is foolish for them to suppose that there are kids enough born in the year to go round, or half.

GEORGE SALISBURY.

When baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.

When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.

When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.

When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

AN elderly French widow who had fallen desperately in love with a gentleman of comparatively tender age was praising her Adonis to her friends. "Handsome as one of Dumas's three musketeers!" she cried. "Yes," replied a dear friend; "he is the musketeer, and you are 'Twenty Years After.'"

FOR upwards of fifty years Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for children with never failing success. It corrects acidity of the stomach, relieves wind colic, regulates the bowels, cures diarrhoea, whether arising from teething or other causes. An old and well-tried remedy. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

THERE is the literature of knowledge and there is the literature of power. The function of the first is to teach; the function of the second is to move. The first is a rudder, the second an oar or a sail. The first speaks to the mere discursive understanding; the second speaks, ultimately it may happen, to the higher understanding or reason, but always through affections of pleasure and sympathy.

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VARIETIES.

WHAT is that which is neither flesh nor bone, and yet has four fingers and a thumb? A glove.

MRS. GRUNDY says that the type-writer is responsible for a great many anonymous notes and letters nowadays.

A YOUNG lady, giving evidence in court the other day, was asked by the lawyer how she learned music. "By teaching it," was the candid and ingenuous reply.

A PESSIMIST walking with his wife, and meeting a large school of girls, exclaimed suddenly, "Heavens and earth—the poor men! What a crowd of future mothers-in-law!"

FEATHERLY (to Dumley, who has given him a cigar): "Somebody—puff—must have given you this cigar, Dumley."

DUMLEY: "Yes; is it a bad one?"

FEATHERLY: "No; it's a—puff—good one?"

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DURING Abraham Lincoln's administration an officer of the Government, feeling himself aggrieved, resigned his place by sending a grumbling letter to the President. On reading the communication, Mr. Lincoln remarked, "The queer thing about this letter of resignation is that it does not show a bit of resignation."

"ONE MINUTE, PLEASE."



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(Continued from page 10.)

(To be continued.)

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